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MAYTIME AND AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY PHILA H. CASE LA BARRE.

How bittersome the time, when we stray'd thro' the clover,
The red and white clover, so tall and so sweet,
When warbling a glad song, the sky-lark flew over,
And dropped to her low nest, so near to our feet.

And oh, the brave buttercups, royally goldan!
Oh, the white daisies, so daintily fair!
Blue violets whispering of romances olden,
And spilling their fragrance upon the still air.

Oh, the bounte wild bluebells, in lightest wind waving
Beside the slow beck that flowed out to the sea!
Oh, shy water-cresses, their drooping heads laving
In water as lucent as crystal could be.

Did you dream they could change in the beautiful weather?
Did you think the fresh beauties could wither and die?
Ah! little we reckod then, when roaming together,
Of the blackness and gloom of November's bleak sky.

Do the flowers bloom less gayly adown the green meadow?
Do the birds sing no more? Is the babbling beck still?
Has the warm, golden sunlight crept into dim shadow,
Or do but our hearts feel the blight and the chill?

Ah well! we were gay, in the young gladsome Maytime,
Shall we grieve now that Autumn has brought wind and rain?
Thank God for his goodness, we shall soon reach that blest clime,
Where in Heaven's green meadows, we'll wander again.

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

CHAPTER I.

THE ONE-EYED SCOUT.

Old Sol, who for some little time had acted as foot-light to the Great Pavilion, had finally swung beyond the circle; but there was no fault to be found with the grand luminary, as it was the season of early summer, and he was doing his fifteen or more hours work a day, quite undisturbed by the distant future and its eight-hour movements. Slowly and carefully he drew his golden arrows after him, pressed to do so by a mountainous bank of clouds that was borne onward by a cool and somewhat damp evening air. A new moon, suggesting to a fertile fancy the paring of a huge thumb nail, after in vain trying to throw some light upon the scene, dipped hastily westward and concluded to retire. The darkening mass of clouds, yawning and making mouths at each other, rolled heavily together, showing ragged and windy edges. In due time a few pale stars got an eye to the seams in the shifting mask, and when an opening was offered, winked knowingly earthward. As the twilight advanced over the wide "American Desert," huge shadows came out from the dry months of the ravines, stretched themselves lazily, struck an attitude where they would show to the greatest advantage, and awaited further developments.

The scene amid which our story opens was seemingly as vast and trackless as the ocean. The wide and almost treeless expanse of plain, breaking occasionally into turfy billows, was tiresome and dispiriting to look upon from its very monotony.

Just as the last glimmer of day was being extinguished by the cloudy pall, a solitary figure came up sharply defined against the low-lying western horizon. Was it a wandering buffalo? or solitary elk?

Neither. Instead, you immediately recognize a frontier scout. It is also evident that it is no loitering pleasure jaunt that moves him across the plains, for the small, fiery animal which he bestrides is doing her muscular and level best to get many miles ahead, where a slight hilly ridge, lifting its back above the surrounding plain, will afford a protecting hiding-place.

The man held his position as if he might be permanently attached to the animal. His accoutrements were of the roughest type. The saddle was a strong cavalry fixture, but his beast's headgear was simply some strips of buffalo hide knotted here and there about the bits and ears—more for service than show. A jaunty tassel of red, however, swung under each silky ear. The garb of the man—his coarse trowsers, high boots, blouse, belt and skull-cap were typical of the border. The jewelry at his belt—knife, pistols and tomahawk—were in keeping with the rest of his outfit.

Suddenly bringing the beast up from her work of measuring the prairie due North, he bent his head to listen for any sound that might be following him. Not satisfied, he alighted, threw himself upon his knees, and placed his ear to the ground. After a moment he arose again and called out to his steed:

"Jet, if we haven't lost the trail we're all right. Our ticket after all wasn't stamped 'good for this trip only;' but whoa, beast, there comes the echo—no breathing time yet, beauty."

With a jerk of the muscles he was in the saddle again, and the vicious beast, with her ears flat back, struck into the long, swinging gallop which had been but momentarily suspended. The ground for the most part was so thoroughly mulched with the luxuriant grass that distinct hoof-beats were unheard, yet there was a nerve-trying sound following the gait of the lone rider which annoyed him. At last he again brought the black mare to a halt and threw himself from the saddle with a fierce imprecation. He turned up the animal's foot, snatched his knife from his belt, and in two minutes' time had pried the offending house shoe from her foot, and with singular carelessness tossed it the length of his arm into the tall grass. Again springing into the saddle he dashed forward.

RICHARD MARSH AND EMILY TAKE THE NIGHT STAGE ACROSS THE PRAIRIES.

A few miles more at that headlong pace, and then the scout came to another sudden pause. He first turned in his seat, and afterward brought his horse squarely about.

"If I *don't* smell smoke, my nostrils are playing an odd trick; if I do smell it, what am I about to stumble into? Jet, let us tread back in our tracks cautiously, until we find the locality of this camp-fire."

After sniffing the air a moment, he rode carefully in a southeasterly direction, occasionally getting a stronger scent of the pungent smoke, when an accommodating breeze swept toward him. After twenty minutes of retracing his steps, he lost the scent entirely.

"I've got to the windward of it, am close aboard the smouldering embers," he soliloquized, "and must look sharply to my safety."

Making an abrupt tour to the left, he had not advanced five yards when the mare's short, hard breathing betrayed in her peculiarly intelligent manner the near approach to some person or persons as yet unseen by her master. Just then, however, the clouds yawning open overhead disclosed a hut about the size of a magnified ant-hill, and the traveller's ears were saluted by a low, vicious growl.

As the scout abruptly paused and was drawing silently back until he could reconnoitre, a slow, heavy voice called out from some invisible crevice:

"Don't try to retreat, stranger, till I make out yer complexion, or I shall work a buttonhole in the back 'ev yer jacket."

Thus challenged, the scout again advanced, asking:

"What accommodations have you, stranger?"

"Nuthin' flatterin'. Ken stretch yurself in here, but yer'll hev to hang the beast outside."

"All right," exclaimed the new-comer, fancying that he scented recently-cooked venison, and slipping off the mare's headgear, he ran it along her neck, fastened it to the saddle, and let the animal go, talking to her in a low voice until she whinnied in reply.

Once inside, the traveller was aware of a glimmering firelight in a corner of the cabin, and by its feeble glow saw the formidable smile of a large, vicious-looking cur.

"Shut yer jaw, brute," commanded his master; "when I invite company in, you've nothin' to say—nothin', you understand. Now, stranger," scanning his guest, "you're—if my eye don't play tricks—you're Cap'n Dave Vance, from Fort L——, on the frontier."

Captain Vance looked sharply at his host.

"You're a whole leap ahead of me," he replied; "but haven't I seen you before?"

"More'n likely; I'm Wertzal."

"Wertzal, by all the saints in the calendar! Wertzal, trapper, hunter and scout; but it is some years since I saw you, and you are much changed. What became of one of your eyes?"

"Traded it."

"What—did what?"

"Traded it—swapped it off. A year and a half ago, as I come up from Santa Fe, got in a scrimmage with two or three 'ev them top-knots, and before the disturbance was over they took an eye and I took two scalps. Reg'lar fair out an' out trade. But come up, cap'n, and git hold ov a piece of this ere old buffalo, and see what yer can do at jerkin' it. Take yer knife across the grain; if ye run it lengthways and separate the muscle that way, you'll swear that yer eatin' whip-lashes. I'd give a trifle to know how many nations and tribes of this great plain that bull had watched over and seen disappear."

The captain found the venison indeed tough, yet was much more interested in his own situation, and was anxious to know why Wertzal was so far out upon the plains.

"Am going across to T——, to act as guide to a train that crosses the plains to Santa Fe. Was a leetle skittish about the looks 'ev things. Jist afore nightfall I seed sunthin' crossin' the plains jist this side ev sunset, that was either a party of musketeers havin' a highland fling on the edge of creation, or else a string ov them 'ar devilish pitch-wigs, who, bent on mischief, are turning their old ochre-mugs toward the settlements skirting B——."

"There has been a small party of the demons on my trail since dusk," said Captain Dave, "and I have a thought that they're not yet off my track."

"Like 's not; close up?"

"Not very. The last sound that I had of them was a half hour ago."

"How many?"

"Four or five, with a gigantic fellow leading."

"Ah, ha! that's Grouchy, the half-breed renegade. It's the very band that is ravaging the outer settlements. One half his gang is composed chiefly of white desperadoes, who do themselves up in the ochre and vermilion streaks, until they make a first-class imitation of the pitch-wigs."

"How came you to take the route that brought you just to this cabin?"

"Allus do when it's expedient—sort of half-way house, ye know, where I get relays."

"Do you know who built the shelter?"

"Not perticularly; nor why it's rented to straggliers, but most likely the fellow as formerly did his cookin' here is planted long ago."

"Did I understand that you alone are going to guide the train to Santa Fé?"

"Yes; that is, me 'nd my interpreter."

"Oh, you take an interpreter along?"

"Jest precisely, cap'n," taking down a long-barrelled rifle. "This 's the chap that explains matters 'tween me and them ar' oily gammons. They can't, they won't understand my meanin' until she passes the compliments. She's quick spoken—got a sharp voice, and it's yes or no with her. No parleyin', ye see."

Captain Dave smiled.

"Ye've got a pretty junk of that buffalo-string inter ye, and if yer think yer grist-mill can grind as well that way, why not leave off the perpendicular and try the horryzontal. Hist! by the scaly antypods, see that!"

The huge, crop-eared, bob-tailed dog was moving stiffly across the cabin. Every limb seemed paralyzed, while wisps of the tangled grizzly hair lifted themselves straight up along his neck and back. Placing his muzzle to a rent in the cabin door, he drew his lips apart until every white, glistening fang was visible, while a collar of shaggy hair flickered about his neck with that peculiar fanning motion seen in the ruff of the corpse-eating hyena. The beast's anatomy seemed loose in his hide,—the ribs, the entire frame, appearing to slide forward and back with every deep, quivering, angry inspiration.

"That 'ar signifies pitch-wigs," said old Wertzal, in a hoarse whisper; "an' I swar it's my idee we're contumashiously holed. Quirky!"

The dog heard his master's low whisper. He turned his head,—his mouth parted in that wide, significant smile which showed his strong, uneven fangs, and his eyes fiery, glassy green. He surveyed the two men an instant, and then replaced his muzzle to the crevice.

"Time I put my foot in the fire," muttered the old hunter, noiselessly stamping out the remnant of light that had shown the movements of the dog. "By the holy colander, I was a contumashious fool to git jammed among these logs. I'm afeared there 'll need ter be sum ruff talk that better be said over when there's plenty 'ev room. Yer think these mought be the cusses as struck yer trail 'bout sundown?"

"I do. They followed me in such a manner that I believe I am known, and my capture or death is determined upon."

Wertzal crept cautiously about the cabin.

"Can't make a diskivery that way," he whispered in Captain Dave's ear; "but there's a chunk of log in the ruff,—if I can work it out easy, I'll shove up my head and squint six ways for Sunday."

Captain Dave would have cautioned him against the imminent danger of this manœuvre, but the old man was already standing upon the stool, and in a minute had the chunk of wood out of the centre of the roof and his head inserted in the aperture.

Not a sound was heard, even the dog was as moveless as a bronze statue.

Directly the head was drawn inwardly and the scout communicated with his companion.

"Thar ain't not a sound loose outside, but thar's a row 'ev toad-stools sprung up mighty suddenly about fifty yards to the southwest."

Captain Dave expected some such report.

"What are they doing?" he asked.

"Hatchin their plan. It's as dark as the bottom of my breeches pocket outside, but hevin' to depend mostly for sight upon this eye'v mine, 'tis as good as a convicts lens, I tell yer."

Captain Dave smiled in the darkness.

Half, three-quarters of an hour passed without a sound. Any one but a frontiersman would have pleased himself with the idea that it was an optical delusion, and that no danger threatened; but the slow, cautious drawing back of first one and then another of the dog's feet elicited this remarkable advice from old Wertzal—

"Cap'n Dave, yer a youngish man, an 'f yer've got anything special that yer want ter say ter the Lord in private, now's yer time, for an hour hence yer may hev a stoppage in yer speech that'll bother ye."

Dave squeezed the old man's hand to let him know that he was understood.

For some minutes longer the silence was unbroken; then there came an indescribable rubbing sound where a hand moved across the logs to find the door.

A moment's investigation seemed to convince those outside that the door was fast.

Another silence; then the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and a ponderous knock with the butt of a musket resounded in the ears of the listeners.

No response.

Then Captain Dave came near uttering an exclamation of surprise, for he heard distinctly, heavy, suppressed breathing close by his shoulder. Some of the murderous demons were listening at a chink among the logs.

Another knock, and then a voice called out—

"Hey, Wertzal, wake up, old mole, and share yer lodgin's with a feller guide an' hunter."

Dave felt the old man flinch at the challenge.

"Who's that?" called the scout, and the dog taking the liberty now uttered a savage growl.

"An old crony—come, open and let me in."

"Thar ain't room," retorted Wertzal. "I've let my bedroom already."

"I say I want ter come inter the cabin and hev a talk, and so—open the door."

"Ther ain't room, and yer know it, Bill Grouchy—one or t'other on us would suffercate 'fore daylight, and yer know it."

"I calkerlate, but yer know I've had a big chase arter yer. I've hated yer, and I'll hev yer out somehow if I smoke yer out. One or t'other on us has got to hev the air get inter our win'-pipes the wrong way afore we're done."

"That ain't agreeable talk," replied Wertzal, "but I shouldn't wonder if yer had the right on't onot in yer life, Bill. However, I hain't never forgiv' yer fer leadin on them stick-wigs as I had to trade off an eye with, and so I shan't let yer in."

"But I'm comin though by—" muttered the renegade.

"That's you, Bill," bawled Wertzal, "and bring yer family along. I'll try to be sociable with the whole pack;" and the scout and his companion took a position that would give them a chance at the opening door.

Renegade Bill certainly meant to come in; they knew that by the blows from his axe upon the closed entrance.

"It won't do," said the old hero, "to let them get in; there's six if no more, and thar ain't room fur a waltz here, nohow. You guard this openin', and if I can get out the log that stops up the old chimney hole, without their knowing it, we'll get our gills out thar and gin a scoot for the ravine. Look sharp, and as soon as they get a hole big enough, giv' 'em a pepper-corn. If I get out unobserved, follow up; Quirky 'll take off his dog's hide himself. If they stop that splinterin, an' diskiver our stratejim, they'll take our pelin off in two minnits. Thar go the splinters, giv' a shot to occupy their thoughts, while I get my interpreter outside."

All this the scout had uttered in a moment's time in a low hoarse whisper. Captain Dave readily understood both the hurried directions and the peril of their position. Meanwhile the blows of the renegade's short-handled axe were making kindling wood of the cabin door. A minute longer—two blows more—and simultaneously with the bursting in of the door there was a yell outside. Some slight sound had been the means of discovering the position and intentions of the scouts. Two or three shots were fired which fortunately did not take effect, and then, with leaps that would have done credit to an Australian kangaroo, Wertzal and Captain Dave were bounding through the darkness toward the mouth of the ravine.

CHAPTER II.

BACK TRACKS.

Dear reader, I don't like to ask you but I must, to go back a little ways with me. We haven't lost the trail, but there were some people and things connected with this tale that we didn't notice before. I want to tell you about a foolish young couple who wouldn't be advised by St. Paul, but married in haste, and didn't exactly know what they expected of each other, and naturally enough were not satisfied with after developments.

George Armstrong was a good, average good, promising young man, in the employ of "Wade and Scribner," as book-keeper; on a salary of some eight or nine hundred dollars a year. He was young, smooth-faced, and handsome; smoked too many segars for strict economy—wore his hat a little inclined to the left ear, and was—I am right sorry to own it, a trifle astronomically inclined—gazing at the heavens through the bottom of a tumbler, and so forth; which isn't a saving plan. But, you know, there are thousands of our best men eventually, who in their earlier years were like young Armstrong. There is a turning point in every man's life; happily for some, bearing them up—unhappily for many, hurling them down to future woe.

George at the age of twenty-two, with his nine hundreds a year, was determined to enjoy life, in, as he supposed, the only possible manner. Boating and driving on holidays, frequenting the opera and dance-hall, etc.; and this was the way that he met pretty, graceful Emily Marsh. Her winning piquant ways took his fancy on the instant, and by and by he drove out less with Tom, Dick and Harry, and more with the little beauty—old Tom Marsh's pet and niece. Emily was seventeen then, and it is not to be presumed that at that age a young lady's pretty head is crowded with brains.

She soon, to herself, pronounced George a "duck and a darling," and in less than three months they had mutually exchanged opinions of each other. The consequences were—Emily, in a shimmering summer-sky silk dress, with bows of white ribbon and ruffles of lace, and with that wonderful curtain of flossy, yellow hair, heard herself pronounced by the minister George Armstrong's wife.

For a while this old earth was but a magnified Garden of Eden to the happy couple; and the population seemed like forty thousand pairs of Adams and Eves jostling promiscuously. This delusion was owing, of course, to love's cataract in the eye. Time, however, soon performed the usual surgical operation demanded on such occasions, and a "Black Friday" followed.

It came about in this manner. Emily's Cousin Dick—she being an orphan had lived in the family of her uncle—absent at the time of her marriage, upon coming home was astonished at the state of things, and not readily getting at the moral responsibilities of the position, undertook to leap the chasm made by circumstances, and be to Emily what he had previously been—a petted confidential favorite.

George, hot-tempered, and jealous if a strand of his beauty's yellow hair blew against another man's coat-sleeve, just provokingly told Emily that she mustn't—she was his, and nothing to Dick Marsh, nothing at all—and she mustn't.

Mustn't drive out in the suburbs with Dick as she used to, when *he* was shut up in that smoky old rat hole of an office?—mustn't go to the Art Gallery with Dick, when he knew so much more about pictures than a dozen of *them* put together!

George said she mustn't.

"I will, there!"

George, getting sort of blue about the lips, put his foot down.

Little Emily began to cry and called him an old Bluebeard, which wasn't appropriate, as George didn't have many promises that way even for the future, and capped the climax by asserting amidst distracting sobs that Cousin Dick was worth any ten old tyrants that she knew, which was all true, as she didn't know any; but George construed all this into personalities, and amazing results followed. He did not return to Emily's uncle's that night, and the next day brought Dick in with the astounding intelligence that Armstrong had closed up his business relations with Wade & Scribner, and had gone West.

Emily was a plucky little girl. She did not faint nor shriek, nor fall sick; she was just angry, mad, she said, from the crown of her pretty head to the hollow of her small feet.

"He's downright mean," she affirmed, "to go off without giving me a chance to say if I was sorry, and I'll tell him so," which she did when George, finally arriving in the West, and feeling remorseful and maybe home-sick, wrote very contritely for forgiveness. This was granted; and so a perfect reconciliation got over the rails, East and West. It was better than some of those delightful romances, Emily affirmed, shedding happy tears over George's letters, and repeatedly kissing his handwriting.

Why, yes, George was so sorry for his naughtiness that he took not only Emily, but the apple of discord—Cousin Dick—into his bosom, in a *letterary* way, and they became a veritable "happy family."

Now then, you get at the feelings with which two letters were received from the distant, distant frontier, said epistles being immediately conveyed, without either seal being broken, into Emily's room at Uncle Tom's.

With a cry of delight, she extended both hands.

"No," said Dick, tucking one letter behind him, "you must go halves, little girl."

"Is yours from George?"

"It is post-marked at the same place as yours, and is directed in Armstrong's crabbed style."

Emily gave him a furious scowl, but a moment later had forgotten all about Dick and his epistle; so we will look over Marsh's shoulder and read what we can of the communication before him.

Skipping some original paragraphs concerning health and the weather, we quote from the bottom of the first page:—

"I know just how it is in M—— this raw April night—you're frozen and thawed until you are little better than a watery-cored apple, with the prospect later in the season of mildewing. If you were only here now! There is no dumping or dozing in these parts. Business, like a huge suction cylinder, draws a man into the shafts and pops him out well done, a mile ahead of the starting point. I am dispensing my dry and W. I. goods in a duck of a building—a regular canvas-back.

"The town is new and mushroomy, having been built near the *probable* line of an oncoming railroad. If the railroad doesn't come this direct way, no doubt the toad-stool similitude would be perfect—all top and no bottom. However, Dick, hit or miss, I wish you were here to put forth green leaves with us. Think I shall come East this Fall."

Certainly there was much more in this letter, but we will not tarry to read it. It is hardly possible, though, that George Armstrong breathed of the results that would follow its reception.

The above-mentioned missive came in the Spring of ——, when all kinds of business in the East, and, finally, in nearly all sections of the country were at a low ebb, with little or no prospect for a better opening later in the season. Richard Marsh had been planning some new departure from his native town and State, and Armstrong's letter happened to sound the key-note for future movements. He sat with the letter before him, deeply meditating. There was a strange influence coming to him from George's epistle—he had felt it several times before. The writing was well enough, so was the wording, but he got the idea that George was—.

Well, he made up his mind that instant to go West—to go partly for his own, partly for George's, but mostly for Emily's sake. Guess, then, his consternation when she burst out on hearing his proposal to go:

"Oh, now Dick, don't you—I mean you will—there! Nothing will change my mind. Don't say that I shall not accompany you. I must, I will,—it's what I've been thinking about and dreaming of for months."

"Emily, you're crazy."

"Dick, you're hateful; you know that I am not crazy, and it would be like a delightful romance to surprise dear George by suddenly coming into his presence. It's just splendid!"

"Nonsense, child—all nonsense; and pray get the idea out of your head. It is wholly impracticable."

"Indeed," she retorted with an assumption of insulted dignity, "you forget yourself, Mr. Marsh, in addressing a married woman of two year's standing, with 'nonsense, child!' Impracticable, is it? I wonder if there are no women out West? I wonder if no wives have joined their husbands in the frontier towns?"

"But a small ratio have done so, Emily."

"Then they should be ashamed of themselves," was the spirited reply. "I always

thought it so beautiful to read in the Bible of women who followed their husbands from Dan to Beersheba."

Dick smiled.

"They didn't have newspapers in those days to warn them of Hittites and Shubites."

"But the newspapers tell lies, Dick."

"Political ones may, and nearly all exaggerate; but there are huge dangers of which you do not dream."

"But *you* would protect me until I reached George," was the earnest, childish, trustful answer.

To which Richard soberly replied,

"With my life, Emily."

And she went on,

"Besides, you are going to dare those dangers; and George is among them;" and her pretty lips began to tremble in a way that tried Dick's nerves.

"Finally," he rejoined, in a playful manner, pinching her cheek, "we might, in crossing the plains, have a fight with the Indians—and then all that a woman could do, would be to get up a first-class swoon, or shriek until she had out-yelled the reds themselves."

"*I* wouldn't—I really wouldn't do either, Dick. I mean to go either with you, or start alone. I am not happy here; uncle and aunt have never been just the same to me since I married George."

Dick couldn't help flinching at this, for he knew *why* they had not appeared as formerly. She had defeated the dearest plan of their own and his life.

"And I would rather go to him; it is better. I will go—so there!"

She said this in her pretty, pettish way, and Dick could not move her with real nor fancied dangers. The hours of discouraging arguments, the horrified dissent of her uncle's family, the well-meant advice of friends and the newspapers' warning paragraphs neither daunted her nor moved her to yield up her determination.

You foresee what followed. She went westward with her cousin and a Mr. Wilder and wife, who were going to some Western State to visit their relatives.

There is a great sameness in the most of long railway journeys—a great similarity in the shifting parties of people which are then brought together. The heavy business man, the dandy, the adventurer in quest of his fortune, the Eastern man going to visit his friends, the flighty school-girl, the affected spinster, the careful old lady with her satchel of doughnuts and turn-overs, though for that matter passengers are liable at any time to be furnished with the latter article by the collisions afforded along the route.

The journey of Mr. Wilder and his wife took them nearly to the end of railway travel, and afterward Mrs. Armstrong and Richard were to take the stages.

"It isn't one mite like reading a story, Dick," whispered the weary little heroine when they stopped for supper at a small border inn.

"My conviction," returned her cousin.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE STAGE.

"It ain't suitable, stranger; I wouldn't try it with a woman. Hang up till mornin'. It's likely to be soft in some places. If Steve was on this line now I jest wouldn't object; but we've got a new feller as a'n't posted maybe, though he's a proper smart, accommodatin' chap, and—I wouldn't try it, faith."

"Well, I will see what my companion thinks," was Richard's reply; and he went into the rear room to find Emily, and told her what the landlord had said.

"Oh, I don't want to stay now that we are so near George; besides, Dick, I am scared to death at that man in the bar-room. Who is he—what is he? He's the old demon himself. I've seen him at the last two stations, and I hope he won't go forward on our stage. Oh, such eyes, Dick, such eyes—such a glance. Do you know him?"

"I know who you mean. I take it that he is one of those half-breeds so common this way, which gives him the Indian look about the eyes. But it's a dreadful bad night—too dark to drive any way, with the late rains softening the road, and no doubt washing away many ravine bridges."

"But I don't feel as if I could remain here; and what if they know that you had two or three thousand dollars about you?" she finished in a shuddering whisper. When forcing a little smile to her face she concluded: "It's just awful, Dick, and not the least mite like reading a story of this sort. Do please ask the landlord if the stages are ever captured by robbers. I don't feel now as if we were going to see George to-morrow—and it's a bad night!"

"Black as Erebus, with the prairie grass hissing about your heels like a myriad of serpents—the wind is rising to a tornado almost—but hark! There comes the stage."

There was a trampling in front of the inn, and the horses came up with their heads almost thrust under the portico, which, wet with the night's dampness, first trembled through its entire canvas length, and then lifting itself like the wings of a gigantic bird, it beat the uprights, and shook and rumbled between the posts, and above them until the restless leaders reared and trod back upon the others.

The driver had alighted for a drink and a smoke; and at the sound of the animal's uneasiness he stepped back to the doorway, snapped his whip and called out,

"Hey, Thunderbolt, steady your legs there—whoa!"

And Thunderbolt rocked his head, and sent one forefoot bang against the platform—after which demonstration he stared fixedly at the swaying lamp under the awning.

"Dearth of fares?" remarked the driver, a huge fellow, striking his hat a clip against the doorway to rid it of the heavy damp; "not the flap of a coat—only Uncle Sam's satchel to keep me company."

"Two fares for you here," encouragingly spoke Boniface, racing a spoon frantically around the tumbler in an absent way, trying to break the head of a bubble.

"Ah, that's cheerful!" and the driver swallowed the contents of the tumbler at a gulp.

"Let's see, where'd you change horses?" questioned mine host, now going for a bubble on his own responsibility.

"I go clear through to Wayne's township. You know I'm fresh three miles back from here."

"Jes' so; you need to be glad, though, that you ain't got Steve's route. Steve Ryans as had this line before you."

"Eh!"

"Like to lost his wig twice since he changed lines. Had a regular set-to with the arrow-roots. One passenger lost his reckoning, and two others were wounded."

"Where was this?"

"Ten miles out from Buford."

"Bad place along there," affirmed Daly, the driver, setting his resolute chin into his coat-collar, and fastening a button or two. "It ain't a first-class night," he went on, looking around upon the few loafers about the bar-room; "but, however, that ain't my biz, gents, it's about time that we head south-westerly."

"Here's the fares," put in the landlord, having succeeded in overtaking and mashing the bubble in the tumbler, and consequently feeling an emotion of triumph.

Daly turned at the opening of the door, and glancing at Richard Marsh and Emily, divined that they were to be his passengers.

He had his hat off and in his hand instantly, and was making his best bow—it being unaffected it was first-class—to the lady.

"Madam, *you* are not thinking to ride to-night?"

Emily gazing at his gigantic proportions, and clear, keen eye, felt an amazing amount of confidence in him on the instant.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I must go forward."

"That is bad," Daly replied.

"So they tell me, but then, you know, I couldn't think of remaining; my—my friends are only thirty miles away, and I couldn't think of waiting *here*," and involuntarily her eyes searched the bar-room in quest of the man who had inspired her with terror, and of whom she had spoken to Richard. He, however, was nowhere to be seen, and inwardly congratulating herself at his disappearance, she stepped nimbly forward. She was in a state of subdued ecstacy, for they had made inquiries of "mine host" concerning Armstrong, and had learned that he was well-known, and was doing a thriving business.

"Drove a notion cart the first year," Boniface said, "and then set up a store of commodities at B. where business had been lively as a cricket."

This intelligence had incited both Emily and her cousin to get to the end of their destination as soon as possible.

But the night outside was decidedly of the ardor-cooling order. Darkness almost tangible, the wind running up the gamut to a fine tornado pitch, and dampness coming from somewhere and going somewhere, and lingering affectionately in every fold of your garments. One of the leaders flipped an immense amount of upper lip at Emily, and then smiled in a way that showed two rows of miniature tombstones already set up. He then struck out that right fore-leg as if with shocking familiarity he sought to give a vicious horse-handshake.

"My!" said Emily, dodging to the other side of Dick, and with some little romance still breathing within her, "if that isn't Mazeppa."

"Down, Thunderbolt," called Daly, "keep your corks underfoot, fellow, and he stung his flank with his whip-lash.

Thunderbolt dashed his head up and down viciously, his physiognomy being rendered perfectly hideous by a snarled, close-cropped mane which stood bolt upright between his ears.

Under the piazza they held a few moments' consultation, while the canvas awning rumbled and flapped dismally.

"You won't mind being alone inside, will you, Emily?"

"Why no, not much—and you?"

"I believe that I choose to ride outside, and then, you know, if we should get an upset or anything, I'll be just ready to leap off and help right the vehicle."

"I don't mind in the least," she replied, "so long as you are about somewhere, you know."

Dick assisted her inside and shut the door, with some laughing remark of allowing the old barge to "rock me to sleep, mother."

"Going up outside?" questioned Daly, as he for a moment hesitated and scanned, by aid of the swaying and dipping light, the face before him.

"I've taken the fancy;" and Dick clambered up.

Daly's momentary hesitation seemed to vanish; he drew on his gloves, gathered up the straggling ribbons, and sprang to his place. The leaders reared, nearly toppling back upon their fellows, and came round with a rattle and crash, champing their bits and shaking their buckles.

They dashed down the leading street of the embryo town, past the long alleys with the roll, roll and bump of their ninepins, past sham saloons where behind the swaying, flickering lamps roared and rioted the sounds of bacchanalian mirth, by canvas booths and canvas stores, canvas shops and canvas houses of all descriptions, out upon the uninhabited, wide, windy waste of prairie.

"You'll be likely to cross with the new line eight or nine miles out," the landlord had bawled after Daly.

"All right, he'll show his dead-lights and we won't collide," was the reply.

When some four or five miles from the town, the driver shrugged his shoulders and said to his companion:

"I'm glad that I am not superstitious."

"Why?"

"I shouldn't calculate to make my connection safely. There is an unaccountable depression here," and he signified his heart with a gesture of his hand.

Now, Marsh had been conscious of a strange revulsion of feeling since he mounted the box with Daly, but he would not acknowledge it.

"Is there any reason for your feeling?" he next inquired.

"Nothing unusual; somehow a man's life is unstable anywhere, but in this section of country it is of less than a bubble's strength. The last trip now, fifteen or more miles from here, we were by some devilish contrivance upset, and in the melee one passenger was shot, another wounded, and the rest of us escaped by the merest miracle."

"Indians?"

"God bless you, all these outrages go under the head of Indian atrocities, and one don't know whether they are such or not, unless some chance movement shows the instigators of the deed. I *am* notional," he continued, a mile further on, "for I thought that the lantern light was reflected from a gun-barrel in a slight ravine to the right."

Dick had heard nothing, and yet as he strained his eyes into the darkness beyond their immediate circle, it seemed to him that a patch of denser darkness swam along the ebon shadows. He was conscious, too, of his heart beating more rapidly than its wont, and he mentally berated himself for cowardice.

Now we will look inside upon Emily. Wearied out with the long jaunt over somewhat rough railroads and by rougher staging, with no one to speak to and nothing to look at, she made herself as comfortable as possible, with the intention of sleeping part of the time if she could.

From thinking of George, she was soon dreaming of George and the pretty, romantic surprise in store for the dear fellow; and then there was a huge mess of jumbled up trash in the form of sleepy fancies carousing in her brain. Once she thought of thrusting out her hand to see if the heavy mist had settled into a rain, but she really lacked the ambition to do it. After that her dreams seemed half-waking thoughts, in which Dick and the herculean fellow outside were mingled with George, and the weather, and the route. Half sleeping, half waking she heard a clatter and rush alongside, and indistinctly remembered, just in time to quiet her fears, that it was probably their meeting with the other line. The shouts of the passing drivers to each other presently lost distinctness; and cuddled closely in the corner, amid her cloak and other wraps, Emily settled into a dreamless sleep.

Time flits, or loiters so during unconsciousness, that it might have been hours or only minutes since she lost all recollection, for all that she could tell, when a grasp upon her arm brought her up in a sort of palsied wakefulness.

The stage was stopped, the door open, and a dark, evil face was so close to hers that by the light of the still burning lamp she could make out the glitter of the devilish eyes. She tried to shift her position with a dim, dizzy hope that by so doing she should awaken, but the tightening grasp upon her arm roused her to the horror of her position.

"My God, what is it?" she gasped, in a husky whisper.

Her only reply was to be drawn forcibly to the door, and outside, and then lifted bodily upon a horse, while her captor leaped to the saddle behind her. Then they were off over the prairie like the wind. She did not swoon, she only seemed to be paralyzed with terror. She was dimly aware of what had happened; dimly aware of seeing two burly ruffians robbing the mail-bags; but for a long, long time she failed to realize what fate had probably overtaken Dick and the sturdy driver. By and by it all flashed upon her; the trampling sound and the shouts that had come to her drowsy faculties were not the meeting of the stage lines, but the horrible encounter with the robber desperadoes. Their fate—her fate—just Heaven! why could she not die of terror as people sometimes did? Oh, where was she going? and that devilish face so close to hers now in the darkness,—if she could not die she must shriek. Her lips refused to emit a sound, and was it not as well? Even the wildest echoes would weary themselves upon that boundless tract of desert without reaching human ears.

She knew that struggling would be worse than useless; the arm which banded her slender form told her so, for it was like a limb of steel; the heart against which her unwilling head was drawn beat with the fierce, rapid strokes of a demon anvil. The face was the one she had seen and shuddered at a several times during the last three days of their journey. Thoughts flew with lightning like rapidity through her brain. She had not the least doubt but that they were mounted upon poor Daly's leader, Thunderbolt. It seemed utterly impossible that any other beast, doubly burdened, could have the wind to keep up that racking gallop, which, from her constrained position, was perfectly maddening to her nerves. She had not uttered a word, she had not attempted an outcry since her first futile effort. After four or five hours of this wild riding her captor halted in what seemed a sort of ravine, and leaping from the saddle he placed her upon the ground. She sank amidst the luxuriant grasses completely overcome with her emotions, but yet, looking upward, she discovered that the clouds had rolled themselves together like a scroll, and the vast blue dome was pulsing with a myriad of twinkling stars.

Happily for her the terror accompanying her situation had benumbed her faculties so that she was incapable of realizing what had occurred or what was likely to follow.

Her captor silently bound her hands with a thong of green hide—a very useless precaution, for what could she do to defend herself? or how think to escape, and find a safe trail over that vast, vast plain? The half-breed picketing his horse near by, threw himself upon the ground, and was soon in a deep slumber; and you will hardly credit the assertion, that in half an hour's time, despite of the horrors of her situation, Emily, with her head upon the dry last year's grasses, lay also asleep.

Daylight was lifting its red wings along the East, when she awoke with the half conscious feeling that she had had a terrible nightmare and did not care to slumber more for fear of thus incurring its repetition. Her blue, shrinking eyes saw first the reddening sky above, and then the wide circle of prairie meeting the distant belt of horizon, and nearer the form of her captor leaning stoically against the forward shoulder of his horse, his swarthy, evil face toward her, his black, snaky eyes fixed steadfastly upon her recumbent figure. She absently sought to raise her hands to her brow, but found them bound together. Now, for the first time, a full, realizing sense of all that had occurred burst upon her mind, and in her first emotions of despair she would gladly have courted death in any form. She sprang to her feet and found voice to cry out,

"Oh, where are you taking me?"

"Hills. There—Black Hills," her captor replied in the peculiar broken, guttural dialect of the mongrel of the plains.

"What for? What for?"

"Squaw! squaw!" he replied.

She recoiled in horror; with a deep, realizing sense that there was no use of any heroics in the matter. Should she appeal to his better nature to give her safety and release? There was nothing of the sort in his make up. Should she supplicate his honor—it was something of which he knew not the meaning.

While these bitter reflections were running through her mind, he produced from a very greasy pouch—I am sorry for the romance of the affair, that the red devil was not better accoutred—but he wasn't—a hard-looking chunk of dry buffalo meat, which he offered her. It wasn't a tempting tit-bit, and on the whole her adventure wasn't particularly an appetizing affair, so she shook her head. Her delicacy—the truth must out—did not affect the unprincipled stomach of the renegade, who tore the meat in shreds and devoured it with a snap of the jaws perfectly wolfish.

Again she was tossed upon the back of the huge beast, which was indeed Daly's "Thunderbolt." He had been cut from the traces, and encumbered with the half-breed's saddle by a rapidity of movement which, with another people than these wild red devils of the plain, would be looked upon as a species of legerdemain. The renegade also mounted, strongly against Thunderbolt's inclination. The brute first squatted well down on his haunches, but being better advised than that with the rascal's leather lash, he got comfortably poised with his head down, and fiddled about the air with his heels in a perfectly demoralized manner. However, a few more sharp *swishes* of the green hide brought forth better manners, and the captor and his victim were soon again scouring over the plains in a manner trying to an inexperienced rider.

Emily was well enough acquainted with the geography of the country to know that the renegade was bearing toward the Rocky Mountains, in whose fastnesses no doubt the human beast had a burrow, or perhaps would rejoin a tribe of wandering Indians to whose predatory fortunes he was attached. In any guise, her fate presented such horrible features, that immediate death was a boon to be prayed for.

As the sun began to ascend and pour his strong rays upon the scene, the half-breed dismounted. Thrusting Emily back into the position he had just held upon the animal, he walked rapidly forward.

The horse, after that first demonstration of revolt, followed the beck of the new master most docilely. Ascending every elevation some yards in advance of his captive, the half-breed scanned the surrounding country with the eye of an eagle in quest of a wandering foe. Halting for an hour's rest at noon, they moved on again more cautiously toward nightfall, for what reason, Mrs. Armstrong only could surmise. She was carefully halted in the hollows and dry ravines, while the half-breed kept every point of the compass under strictest scrutiny.

Once or twice the monotony of the day's journey was interrupted by belts of sand and limestone, which made manifest to the helpless captive that they had passed over a considerable extent of territory. Before night the long journey and bracing air had induced her to waive all the scruples of a fastidious appetite and accept a piece of the dry meat from the objectionable paunch, which she ate with much relish.

When her guide and captor halted for the night, she was forced to believe that his was no aimless jaunt. He was steering for some fastness of the Black Hills. Nature, however, again asserted paramount claims over the poor girl, and soon after halting, wrapped her senses in a profound and dreamless slumber. She was awakened by a wild, blood-curdling Indian yell, and was alike amazed to see in the yellowing light in the east another day, and directly before her a hideous red demon with uplifted tomahawk. Involuntarily she closed her eyes and commended her soul to its Maker, when another deafening whoop burst forth, followed by a chorus of yells from a dozen more of the long-jawed demons. A stream of fire answered the second yell. The half-breed, from behind a huge tuft of bush, had sent a ball crashing through the skull of the brave who was acting as an advance scout of a war party returning from a raid upon a tribe further south.

The fight was short but terrible. The renegade, like a wild beast at bay, held his ground for a while against the odds arrayed against him, but was in the end overpowered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A RECOLLECTION.

Soft fell the twilight from the summer sky,
And gray the garden grew:
Alone we thought, we wandered—you and I—
But love went too.

Yet all the while no word of him we spake,
We talked of trees, flowers, birds;
But still his mystic music seemed to shake
Through all our words.

Through all our talk a tender passion ran,
Full low, and soft, and sweet;
And when we lightly parted, I began
To think of it.

Each word of yours I counted even as gold
A miser gloateth o'er;
And twice and thrice the precious sum I told,—
And then once more.

Each look of yours, the flower you gave to me,
These were as jewels then;
Ay, as great jewels ravished from the sea
For lor-lily men.

The flower has faded in a book—our talk
Has faded too, in part—
But yet I know that in that twilight walk
I lost my heart.

I dream I wander with you even now;
I see the boughs that blend
Their glorious green o'erhead, and wonder how
Our walk will end?

The honeysuckle's scent is in the air,
It is the twilight hour,—
I turn and see a face to me more fair
Than any flower.

And in that face I strive to read my fate,
And in those wondrous eyes:
And trembling in the balance as I wait
My future lies.

Do you e'er dream of it as well as I?
Do you think of it yet?
I shall remember it until I die,—
Shall you forget?

LOTTIE'S PROMISE.

AN EPISODE OF THE "EPIZOOTY."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"I don't care one bit what you say, girls, I still maintain that any one should keep a promise they have made," and pretty Lottie Myers nodded her head emphatically at the reflection of her own bright face, as she fastened her hat before the mirror in Mrs. Gray's cheerful parlor.

There had been a gay frolic there that evening—a Hallowe'en gathering. Nuts had been popped, and tricks of all kinds tried, and just as they were dispersing, the company had fallen to discussing the reason of the non-appearance of some of those who promised to be there.

One suggested that visitors might have come in unexpectedly.

"Then they should have brought the visitors with them," said Lottie.

"Or, they may have thought it looked too much like rain," said another.

"They are neither sugar nor salt," commented Lottie, and so on through the whole list of probabilities; from which it may be seen that Miss Lottie was somewhat decided in her opinions, and by no means bashful as to expressing them.

During her walk home, she again alluded to the absentees, saying, "It was really too bad that Jennie Tracy and her cousins should stay away when they promised to be there. Half the fun of the evening was spoiled by their not coming."

"I think there must be some good reason," ventured Tom Denison, Lottie's companion and, if report said truly, her lover, "for I met Jennie's brother this afternoon, and he said they were all to be there."

"*I* don't believe there was a ghost of a reason," answered Lottie rather petulantly, "and I do hate people that are always breaking their word!"

"I wish you would make me a promise, Lottie," rejoined Tom so suddenly and significantly that Lottie could only stammer out a faint "Why?"

"Because I should be sure you would keep it, as you so much dislike a breach of promise in others. Don't you think you could?" he continued, half earnestly, half playfully. "You know, according to every trick you have tried to-night, you must be married within the year, and that will be rather quick work unless you take some one you are already well acquainted with. Don't you believe I should suit you as well as any one, Lottie?"

"What a foolish fellow you are, Tom!" cried Lottie, with assumed carelessness, but somehow she forgot to draw away the little hand he had taken possession of; "just as if I knew whether you would suit me, when I never thought anything about it. But I will tell you one thing that *will* suit me, if you will do it for me."

"Of course, I will, what is it?" inquired Tom, eagerly.

"Don't promise in a hurry," laughed Lottie, "for you know I don't like to have people make promises and break them, and you may not choose to fulfil yours. I am going to my uncle's to-morrow to stay for a week. I know you often drive into town, and when you are there next week if you will call for me and take me home in your carriage, I shall be much obliged, as it is not always convenient for uncle to bring me home when I want to come."

"I shall be delighted to do so," said Tom, heartily. "But, perhaps, I shall come before you are ready, so if you will tell me just when you would prefer to come, I can arrange my business accordingly."

"Very well then," replied Lottie, "I will expect you on Saturday afternoon, and be quite ready to accompany you."

"Will you not come in?" she inquired, for they had now reached her home.

"Not to-night, thank you. Couldn't you give me that promise, Lottie?" and he tried to take her hand; but playfully eluding his grasp, she quickly entered, and, with a gay "Good-night," closed the door.

"Perhaps she'll tell me next week, during our drive home," muttered Tom, as he turned away rather disconsolately. "She can't dislike me very much, or she wouldn't have asked me to go for her. Phew! how she fired up on the subject of keeping promises! A fellow will have to walk straight to keep in her good graces, but she's worth working and waiting for," with which philosophical reflection Tom lighted a cigar, and strolled leisurely homeward.

The week hung rather heavily on Lottie's hands, if the truth must be told, and she welcomed the Saturday that was appointed for her return. It was a raw, chilly November day.

"Not the most agreeable weather for a five miles' drive," she soliloquized, "but Tom has plenty of carriage-robes. I wonder what auntie's neighbors will think to see him coming for me. I don't care, he is as good-looking as any one round here, and his horse and carriage are real stylish!"

Meanwhile poor Tom was, as he expressed it, "in a fix." When Lottie left home there had been one or two cases of the catarrhal epidemic among the horses in the village, but not enough to cause alarm. Now, most of the horses, including Tom's, were ill, and those who had any as yet unattacked, would not let them out in the chill, damp air. Tom spent the morning in searching for one, but none were to be had for love nor money.

"What shall I do," he exclaimed, as the hands of his watch pointed to twelve o'clock. "Here it is twelve o'clock, and no way of going for Lottie. I can't send her a note—there is no one to carry it, and if there were, or if I walked in and explained the matter, she might think I was shamming, and say I had broken my promise, for the horses were not sick when she went away. She is a little—just *a little* unreasonable sometimes, and I don't want to give her the chance.

"Let me think just what she said. 'Would I call, and take her home in my carriage?' She didn't mention the horse—only the carriage; that I'm sure of! Then my carriage must go, if I draw it myself; and I would draw it if I were sure I could, but five miles there and five back would be rather a pull! I must think of some other way."

Probably he thought to good purpose, for about three o'clock the servant announced to Lottie that a gentleman wished to see her.

"All right. I'll be down at once," she answered, and hastily putting on her hat, "so as not to keep him waiting," she ran down to the open door where Tom stood; but apparently Lottie had changed her mind, and it was *not* "all right;" for instead of a pleasant greeting, she cried, with flashing eyes: "Do you intend to insult me, Tom Denison, by coming for me with a pair of oxen? I did not believe you would do such a thing;" and she was hastily retreating toward the stairs, when Tom caught her hand.

"Listen to me, Lottie," he said, gravely, though with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Almost every horse in town is sick; mine among others. I have tried everywhere to get one, but in vain. I could not break my promise to you, so I have come with such steeds as I could procure."

"But I will not go! I did not promise to ride with oxen, but with your horse and carriage," she replied, passionately.

"'*In my carriage*,' you said, Lottie. Look, there it stands ready, if you will keep your promise, and go in it."

Lottie hesitated. She was a sensible girl, and saw she was caught in her own trap. It was a trial either way. How could she go in that style? and, on the other hand, how could she decline, after all her tirade against promise-breakers?

Tom saw and understood her humiliation, and pitying it, whispered,

"I'll absolve you from your promise on one condition, Lottie?"

"What is that?" she asked, rather timidly, for she suspected what was to follow.

"That you will give me that other promise I asked for last week," he replied.

At this exceedingly *mal apropos* moment, Lottie's uncle opened the parlor door, saying,

"Why don't you walk in, Mr. Denison? You seem to have a peculiar style of turn-out there," he added. "All the horses sick over in your place? Suppose I lend you one to drive home with; how will that do?" glancing shrewdly at Lottie's burning cheeks.

The change was soon effected, with many thanks on Tom's part, as he left his oxen "'till called for;" but, sad to relate, this narrow escape from her dilemma was so little of a warning to Lottie, that she actually gave "that other promise" before she reached home!

AN UNLIMITED LOVER.

To elope with a lady, doubtless, presents itself to the romantic young man as a bold and delicious diversion, but it may be doubted whether it is really an unalloyed pleasure. The lady who steals out of the house at midnight to meet the lover who has a buggy (chaises and pairs belong to the last century) in the lane, must either abandon her wardrobe, or complicate her flight with bandboxes and bundles that will speedily prove a burden to the eloping flesh. The lover, too, must get himself into difficulties in connection with the buggy, for he must either send it back to the livery-stable by a messenger, who will thus be able to set pursuers on his track, or he must incur the suspicion of having deliberately stolen it. Perhaps it is owing to these, and other unpleasant features of an elopement, that so few men or women ever elope more than once in their lives.

There is, however, one young man who, if the journals of Sullivan county and of Long Island are to be trusted, makes elopement the pleasure and business of his life. He began his exploits in Sullivan county by eloping with the wife of the minister of the village in which he temporarily resided. He was pursued but not captured, and in the course of a few weeks public interest in his achievement died out. Not so, however, his interest in the fair ones of Sullivan county. Suddenly he reappeared and carried off a young lady, of whose beauty and accomplishments the local reporter speaks with the utmost enthusiasm. Again he was pursued, both by an avenging brother and a swindled proprietor of a livery-stable, but he vanished completely, and mystery shrouded the lover, the lady, and the buggy. Again we hear of him in a small town on Long Island—for the hero of the Long Island newspapers is unquestionably the same who is the terror of the Sullivan county husband and father. He spent a few weeks in this village, and paid assiduous attention to several young married women. With one of these he eventually disappeared, taking with him, of course, the inevitable buggy. Pursuit was again useless, and again a wronged husband and a deluded livery-stable keeper were compelled to bear their woes without the solace of vengeance. Other victims were soon to be added to the list. Only a few weeks had elapsed when this indefatigable eloper returned under cover of night, and putting another wife into another buggy, drove away into the unknown. Thus four women and four buggies have been stolen by this insatiable young man, and there is no reason to suppose that he has yet reached the limit of his larcenious desires.

It is easy to understand that a man may be led by uncontrolled passion to carry off another man's wife; but what can possibly be this comprehensive lover's purpose in carrying off four separate women—to say nothing of the four buggies? What does he do with his female prizes during the intervals when he is engaged in making fresh raids? Obviously it would be unsafe to leave four jealous women together, unless they are securely handcuffed, and equally obviously it would create suspicion were he to add new horses and second-hand buggies to his stables weekly throughout the year. He probably deposits the women in solitary confinement in secluded caves, and sells the horses and buggies in remote country towns. In time, however, he will find himself in difficulties. No man can feloniously accumulate wives, horses and buggies without limit. Some day the vengeance of the combined livery-stable keepers and the consolidated husbands, who shall have banded together to redress the wrongs, will smite him, and there will once more be peace and safety for the husbands and horses of Sullivan and Kings counties.—*N. Y. Times.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ EPIZOOTIC ROMANCE.—A Chicago local humorously describes the runaway of a "sleek-looking high-fed man attached to a light wagon."

☞ A Terre Haute girl exclaimed when she saw a Thomas feline elevate his back, "Oh! wouldn't he make a lovely bustle?"

☞ A Kentuckian has by practical experiment settled a long-vexed question, and announces that it takes just five shots to kill a lightning-rod man.

☞ A sympathetic Norwich man, stopping in Boston, on learning that to check the fire a great many buildings must be blown up, at once offered to contribute his mother-in-law for the purpose. The fire was stayed, however, before this terrible agency was required.

☞ Osculation is carried on extensively at Titusville station. The Press says:—"The baggage smashers around the depot, in their endeavors to see all the smashing going on, are becoming cross-eyed, while their lips (from seeing others do so) protrude so that they cannot see their feet when they walk."

☞ The married ladies of Hannibal, Mo., have formed a "Come Home Husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end of it.

☞ The Titusville Press says Stanley will make a sensation when he lectures in this country, dressed in a suit of clothes made by a Ujiji tailor, consisting of a twine string wound around his big toe and a straw hat cut low in the corsage.

☞ A young man who proposed to a handsome but heartless creature the other evening, says her answer suggested a very popular poem—the Beautiful's No.

☞ In some epizooised cities the milkmen use oxen instead of horses for the distribution of their supplies. It would be as easy to bring the cows themselves to their customers' doors, but the pump—aye, there's the rub!—*Detroit Advertiser.*

☞ The New York reporter who was caught in the act of destroying his pocket dictionary, and put into a straight-jacket upon suspicion of being insane, has been released after explaining that he had exhausted the contents of the volume in describing the Boston fire.

☞ A Rochester boy teased his girl for an hour to go out and take a lunch with him, and she at last consented. Though not feeling hungry in the least, she managed to get away with a stew, a plate of raw, a white fish, an Irondequit trout, two quail on toast, a glass of sherry, and a half-pound of caramels. Her escort left for Denver the next day.

☞ It was Thomas Charette, of Maine, who went upon his haymow smoking a pipe the other day. No insurance.

☞ Vienna papers take delight in publishing stories about America. Here is a specimen from the *Neue Tagesnachrichten*: "Philadelphia has half a million inhabitants. Of these every day twenty-five are killed by assassins and highway robbers. The police hardly ever make any arrests. When a criminal is brought before a judge he often recognizes an old confederate in him, and the judge walks arm-in-arm with him out of the court-room in order to take a drink (!)."

☞ The Detroit Free Press says that "yesterday afternoon a farmer named Palmer was thrown from his wagon about two miles beyond the toll-gate." A Union reporter has inquired into this case, and finds that instead of being thrown two miles, Palmer was simply thrown two yards out upon the road beside his wagon. It is one of the Free Press exaggerations.

☞ Somebody says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other it will probably run.

☞ After asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of saying in a confidential tone to new-comers, "Well, now what was your name afore yer moved to these parts?"

☞ One of the young men belonging to a choir had his hair cut by a generous barber, Saturday. Sunday he sang for a solo, "Cover my defenceless head," and blushed like a lobster while doing it.

☞ A Louisville man, who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that just as he "kissed her the earth slid on from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boots.

☞ Step by step women are becoming the masters of men. An advertisement in a St. Paul (Minn.) paper reads: "Persons who have contracted debts to B. F. Simmons are forbidden to make payment therefor except to the undersigned. Mrs. B. F. Simmons."

☞ Can an electric eel be said to lead a *shocking* life?

☞ A company has been formed in Austria to insure marriage. The unfortunate policy-holder receives a certain sum as soon as he takes a wife.

☞ An aged West street lady could not sit up with a sick neighbor Saturday night because she couldn't bear any excitement, being naturally "historical."

☞ A Danbury man dreamed that a treasure-box was buried beneath an ash-tree on the north corner of a certain meadow in Brookfield, and the next day walked over there, with a pick-axe and a spade, only to find that the ash-tree was a tobacco barn, with a big dog in *front*, looking business from every angle. He eyed the animal a moment, and then returned home, resolved to eat light suppers hereafter, and wear flannel next to his body.

☞ One of the new branches of industry that demands no capital and no special endowment is the mat trade. The way to obtain a stock in trade is to walk up to the front door of a dwelling, take a mat, go home and wash it, and then go back and sell it to the former owner. The profits are immense.

☞ A fashion report says, "Satin dresses are to be worn no longer by brides." They could not be worn any longer than they are now, without tripping up everybody in the room.

☞ During the biting frost of last night a horse was left standing on Liberty street without a harness on. A man who would leave a horse in a condition like that would chew plug tobacco at a funeral.—*Ex.*

☞ A San Francisco juggler, while riding a steed and keeping three "drawn daggers" in the air, was thrown over the horse's head and fell upon the points of the daggers. But it was of no consequence, as the daggers were made of tin.

☞ Poole, the tailor to the Prince of Wales, is a character in his way, and any number of stories are told of him. One day a young captain in the Guards is said to have stopped him when driving on the parade at Brighton, and asked him, as a bit of fun, to look at his coat and see how badly it was made. Poole flung his reins to the groom, gravely scanned the coat, took a piece of chalk from his waist-coat pocket, and chalked any number of cabalistic diagrams or problems from Euclid on his customer's back. "Ah," he said, contemplating his work with much satisfaction, "that will do now, captain; just go to my place and let the cutter see these marks, and he will know what to do," and returning to his phaeton, he left the poor fellow, chalked all over like an April fool. Poole takes care to hold his own ground among his aristocratic clients, who are rather amused than offended by his blunt ways. They sometimes invite him to their country houses, and on one occasion his complaint that the company he had met was very mixed, was met by the remark that "he could not expect them to be all tailors."

☞ As an illustration of what education would do for them, the pupils of one of the public schools in Southwick, Massachusetts, received, a short time since, the following harangue from one of their school committee: "Two dogs were fighting, and several boys, who were uneducated and never got their lessons when at school, tried to separate them, but could not. Soon, however, a boy who always had his lessons came along, and the dogs stopped fighting at once. So you see, children, that if you get your lessons well and become educated, even the dumb beasts will respect you."

LOU'S BALLOON.

BY H. E. H.

I was sitting quietly in my room one morning, when a note from my old friend, Lou Livermore, was brought in. I am very fond of Lou, as, indeed, all her friends are; though she still remains, like Holmes's aunt—

"The sole ungathered rose
On her ancestral tree."

She lives far up in the country, but occasionally comes to Boston on a visit. Her note was as follows:

DEAR HESTER—Here I am in the Hub, at the west end of it; is that the hubbiest part, I wonder? I am coming over to see you on Thursday. I meant to go to-day; but I can't; I am all used up—"clear tuckered out," as Aunt Polly used to say. "What has done it?" Why, my new dress, and such a dress! It will give you fits to see how my back is hutched up and puffed out. I'm a regular balloon; a fashion-plate; a anything that is huge and hideous—a camel or dromedary, for example; only they, poor things! were born with humps on their backs, and I wasn't. "How came I so deformed?" In an evil hour I listened to the voice of the tempter, and put myself into the hands of a city dressmaker.

"She's very stylish," quoth the tempter.

Little recked I in my ignorance what that meant; and I went to her rooms in sweet, confiding simplicity, bearing an innocent-looking dress-pattern under my arm. I had three *séances* with Mrs. Cuttit, a most imposing personage, of whom I stood in mortal terror; and at length emerged, transformed. I went in slim, I came out stout; I went in erect, I came out hump-backed; I went in plain, I came out bedizened; I went in with forty dollars in my purse, I came out with just enough to pay my fare home on the street-car—the collapse having been transferred from my person to my purse with incredible celerity and ease.

Verily, fashion "doth make cowards of us all;" yea, and puff-balls also! I wish I had the courage to go through the world in a gored gown without a pinch or puff or pocker in it; but I haven't; so I am a balloon, that by some incomprehensible machinery is raised into mountainous ridges. Surmounting these ridges, at right angles to my body—if there be a body inside this corrugated globe, of which I am in serious doubt, to say nothing of an immortal soul—projects a fan-shaped, be-fringed, be-puckered basque, looking, for all the world, like a spread turkey-tail. On top of this projection a good-sized trunk could be comfortably seated; only it might fall in! I wonder if a papoose couldn't be inserted somewhere; I do so want to blend the useful with the ornamental!

Now, Hepsibah, you are a sensible married woman, competent to give good advice; I ask you, what am I to do? Go round the world in this harlequin guise, or give the whole thing a great smash? I should be glad to preserve a modicum of self-respect; but how can I inside of a balloon?

I shall appear in full spread on Thursday to spend the day. I can't sit down; but I *should* like the loan of a bed-post and a cord; I might go up, you know. Till then, in every fibre of my stiffening,

Yours truly,
THE GREAT EXPANDED.

I sat laughing over this, when in walked Hester Graywood, another old friend. After the first salutation, she slowly twirled herself round, and sank into a chair, exclaiming, "Behold the woman who dares!"

Ah! I saw; she, too, had on a new dress. It was of silvery-gray silk, made with one skirt, without a particle of trimming on it, and a sacque just bound with a bias fold of the same. Yes, she had dared. It was really a refreshing sight; and she looked perfectly bewitching in the Quaker-like costume. But, then, Hester Graywood is such a pretty little creature, she can't help looking lovely in anything, and she knows it; so it does not require so great courage in her to dare. Yes, she looked charming. Yet, on a second glance, there seemed a kind of bareness about her, as if something were wanting. Was this because I had looked so long on mountains of frippery that my eye and taste had both become corrupted? Ten years ago we all wore such plain, single skirts, and considered ourselves elegantly dressed: why should they look mean and skimpy now?

I read Lou's note to Hester, and she promised to join us at dinner on Thursday.

"Extremes should meet," she said.

She stayed on awhile, and we had a little talk on dress, and the bondage fashion imposes; on how the taste of the community is corrupted by the overloaded, ungraceful styles in vogue now; and on many other things, such as sensible women do talk about when they get together.

"One of the greatest evils of this absurd overloading," said Hester, "is that it so fearfully overworks women. We hear a great deal about the hardships of the poor shirt-makers in our cities; and they are to be pitied, I know. But there are other women to be pitied too. Look, for example, at my neighbor, Mrs. T. She is a fair representative of a large class, and not an exaggerated case. Her husband is a hard-working mechanic, who earns a good living, and ought to lay up something for a wet day; but he can't support a wife and six children in luxury, especially as four of them are girls. Mrs. T. is an ambitious woman, and says she will have her children "decently dressed:" that means fashionably dressed. She can't afford to hire her sewing done; so, in addition to all her housework, she makes their dresses; and if you have seen Gracie, the eldest one, you can judge what that implies."

"She's a very stylish-looking girl," I said.

"Yes, and her mother is very proud of her, as is natural. She is just seventeen; and what wonderful costumes she does bloom out in! They are all afloat with puffs and ruffles, quills and frills, till there's scarce an inch of untrimmed space about her; and Cara and Nellie go by to school every morning, each with another set of furbelowed upper skirts and under skirts, basques and sacques; while baby Belle—bless her dear little heart!—is all afloat, too, with tiny ruffles on her tiny skirt."

"Isn't she a darling?" I cried.

"Yes, lovely, with her blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks; but wouldn't she be just as pretty in a plain white dress with a bit of edging round the neck and sleeves, if it were the fashion? And the pretty Gracie—is the charm in her, her lovely complexion and fine expression, or in her furbelows and fringes?"

"In her, of course," I said. "Children and young ladies are never so pleasing as when simply dressed."

"Certainly, and our taste is corrupted when we do not see this. But there's poor T. thinks it's absolutely necessary to follow the last fashion-plate; so she works like a slave from morning till night, and her sewing-machine is often going till after midnight. No wonder she looks broken-down, and has neuralgia and a diseased spine. She has done the work of two women, and it is the hardest kind of work too. Every inch of all these interminable yards of humming and binding, gathering and fastening, passes through her fingers, to say nothing of the contriving and fitting, and basting and ripping. I wonder the woman is alive. I don't believe there is a sewing-woman in this city harder worked."

"But why don't the daughters help her?"

"Those in school haven't any time. Gracie does all she can; but with her calls and callers, practising and picnicking, croqueting and coquetting, it would be cruel to expect her to do more than make the plainest portion of her under-clothes."

"But it's absurd," I said, "for a mechanic's wife to go into such extravagances."

"I don't know as a mechanic's wife can be expected to be more sensible than other women," said Hester dryly. "A reform must begin somewhere else, I fancy."

"I suppose so," I said with a sigh; "but the whole subject is full of difficulties."

"All of which might be overcome if women had a spark of independence. Here is tangible evil for them to grapple with, now they have waked up to a sense of their strength and capabilities."

"Yes: they may as well begin a reform here, as of the nation at the ballot-box," I said, laughing. "But how to do it is the question. Is there any standard by which dress can be judged and regulated?"

"Not now," said Hester; "but I believe the principles of art, true art, might be applied to dress as to other things; that there is an essential, intrinsic beauty or ugliness in our garments, entirely irrespective of fashion: in other words, that it is one thing to be well-dressed, and another to be fashionably-dressed."

"Yes," I said; "but what is it to be well-dressed?"

"I can tell you what it isn't," said Hester. "It isn't to wear a huge protuberance on your head or your back, which, if you had been born with it, would have been considered a shocking deformity. It isn't to conceal all the lines of the human figure, or to make it one mountain of trimming, when trimming should always be subservient, adding grace and defining outlines. And then, too, it must be something permanent. It can't be the changing thing fashionable dressing is. Art wouldn't make a balloon of us this month, and a scantily-draped statue the next: she wouldn't tilt us up on heels that agonize our toes, and pitch us downstairs to-day, and to-morrow set us on the ground like so many flat-footed Indians."

"That would be a comfort," I said. "If, when a dress was made, it would stay made, and look well till it was worn out, it would lessen half our labors."

"Well, Hepsy, I believe the good time is coming—the time when we shall have a higher civilization, and break the chains fashion fetters us with now. Then we shall distinguish between true beauty and deformity; and our milliners and dressmakers will be *artistes* and not *modistes;* and, instead of lopping and stretching us all on one iron bed, they will study adaptation to age, complexion and character, till we come out of their hands individual, as well as comfortable and attractive. When we think of it, isn't it strange how it ever came about that we let ourselves all be worried into exactly the same shaped garments, no matter how different we are in size and figure?"

"Very strange and absurd," I said; and Hester went away.

Exactly at one o'clock on Thursday the Great Expanded arrived. She was a good deal puffed out truly, and made all manner of fun of herself. When Hester Graywood came in, wearing her untrimmed gray silk, she made a low obeisance.

"I do thee homage, thou most heroic of womankind!" she cried. "I cast myself in the dust at thy feet; I envy, I adore thee, thou woman who darest!"

Finally we got a little quieted; though, naturally enough, our thoughts still ran on dress.

"I am disgusted with myself," said Lou; "I really am. I don't want to be fashionable; I couldn't afford it if I did; but my tastes are all plain and simple. I consider such an overloaded, puffed-out concern as this not only ridiculous, but vulgar; yet here I am wearing it; and lose my self-respect in consequence. But how could I help myself? How in the world did you manage, Hester, to get a sensible dress made?"

"Just by my horribly obstinate temper," said Hester, laughing. "First I had a pitched battle with Mrs. Cuttit, and came off victorious; then I ran the gauntlet of her twenty sewing-girls, who opened all their forty eyes in holy horror at 'the trying-on.'"

"I should as soon think of fighting Hercules," said Lou. "There's no place where I am so thoroughly cowed as in dressmakers' rooms. I don't dare to peep or mutter."

"Yes; amiable people like you rather submit than make a fuss."

"But they ought to make a fuss," said Lou; "it's sheer cowardice in my case, not amiability. Every lady's dress should be an expression of her own individual taste and character. But look at us! we are all turned out just alike, like so many nine-pins."

"Well, what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Why not form an anti-fashion society," said Hester, "and get all sensible women to pledge themselves to dress according to their own ideas of propriety, without regard to fashion? 'Union is strength,' and organized effort the order of the day."

"Capital!" cried Lou; "we'll draft and sign a Declaration of Independence; and you, Hester, shall put down your name with a great dash, John Hancock-like."

"I'll make out the list of grievances," said I.

"Easy enough to do that," said Lou. "Worn-out mothers, bankrupted fathers, neglected babies, disgusted husbands—"

"Hold there!" I cried. "Husbands are as fond of dress as wives, so far as my experience goes."

"Why do they keep up such an everlasting fault-finding with our extravagance then?"

"Well, my dear, men are not always severely consistent; they are eloquent on that theme, I know; but put a plainly-dressed girl on one side of a man, and a fluttering piece of millinery on the other, and ten to one he will be enchanted with the latter. John Seymour is not the only victim of 'pink and white tyranny.'"

"Then men are in a measure responsible for the evil," said Hester.

"So I tell Tom," I said. "Let every man who approves of simplicity and economy devote himself to the plainest-dressed girls in the room, turning a cold shoulder on those who wear diamonds and such-like sinful things, and he will do more to effect a reformation than by years of preaching. Girls like to please nice young men, and no harm done either, just as young men like to please nice young girls. The influence is mutual and wholesome. Let young men frown on extravagantly-dressed young women, and young women scorn all dissipated, fast young men, and a vital change in manners and morals would soon follow."

At this point in our discussion I heard Tom's step in the hall; and with him came Professor Downing, an old friend of his, whom we had asked to dine with us. The professor is a fine-looking man, besides being learned, agreeable, and a bachelor. Now, Tom and I never make matches; but, having had such a good time together ourselves, we do sometimes wish certain of our friends would take a fancy to each other; and the night before we had spoken of the professor and Hester, saying how nice it was he should happen to be in the city just then to meet her:

Moreover, knowing his refined, almost severe taste, and his dislike of all display, I had all the morning inwardly chuckled over Hester's untrimmed dress: it was so exactly the thing to suit his fastidious taste. How lucky it was she wore it!

The dinner passed off delightfully. Tom was in his most hospitable mood; Lou and Hester brilliant; the professor genial; and, the soups, salmon and roast lamb all being done to a turn, the hostess serene. The learned professor and the pretty Hester could not have come together under more auspicious influences: and Tom and I had great complacency in our little plan.

A few days after, Tom told me he had been drawing the professor out a little on our guests.

"And what did he say of Hester?" I asked eagerly.

"He said this: 'Miss Graywood is certainly quite pretty; but what a pity it is she doesn't dress better! Your friend, Miss Livermore, sets her a good example there.'"

"The horrid man! and he pretending to have classic tastes!" I cried. And (will you believe it?) Tom and I are now both quite sure that the professor, who detests fashion and frippery, who admires only "chaste designs" and "classic outlines," is actually in love with Lou. And the balloon did it!—yes, the balloon did it!

Oh, the consistency of men!—*Old and New.*

The Dangers Attending the Nursing of Insane Relatives.

Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, in a paper in a late number of Lippincott's Magazine, says:—

There is another form of disease of which as yet I have said nothing, but which is so surrounded with peril for the watching friends, that I should have failed in my task did I not most earnestly warn my readers of its dangers. When a case of insanity in any of its many forms falls upon some one in a household, certain questions at once present themselves which are closely connected with the subject of this brief paper. The physician is very soon called upon in these cases to decide whether the patient is in such a state as to make residence and treatment at home desirable, or whether recourse to an asylum is best. There is a growing tendency in the minds of thoughtful alienists to believe that many instances of aberration or of melancholy are best cared for in the patients' own houses; and if the doctor so decides, or if, as often happens, some time must elapse before he can come to a decision, the question of attendance becomes at once of the gravest moment. As to this there should be not the slightest hesitation. In either of the cases stated there should be selected a careful and kindly attendant, who, if possible, ought never to be a relative or friend. The reasons for this are absurdly clear to a doctor, and are briefly these. A stranger has control over cases such as no kinswoman can obtain, and, unmoved by too great sympathy or emotion, is far more able to carry out discreetly and firmly the needed measures of relief. Moreover, for moral treatment it is usually needful more or less to isolate such sick persons, while it is plainly undesirable and imprudent to expose other individuals of the same blood, and possibly of like tendencies, to the emotions and states of mind which close confinement with those they love, but who are thus disordered, are sure to bring about. Like other physicians who meet with cases of nervous diseases, I have been often called upon to witness the wreck of mind and body which the effort to fulfil such a task has brought about. Indeed, I can think of nothing more likely to insure loss of health than an effort on the part of a young person, especially if a relative, to nurse the insane. Here, if in any case, are present in their worst forms all the evils which make attendance on the sick a trial of physical and mental health. The greater the love for the sufferer, the more unwise for both is the trial, the greater for the nurse is the strain. The incessant watching, the weary waiting in this most sad and uncertain of all maladies, the terrors as to what may happen in a disorder so changeful, the alternations of hopes and fears, and the agony of battle with aberrations and diseased opinions which it is vain to strive to change or influence, combine to torture the nursing friend; while close confinement and the usual unavailing effort to conceal the nature of the case, and the morbid horror which this disease creates, all unite to make such attendance sadly dangerous for those near of blood.

In fact, no one should be submitted to so terrible an ordeal; and if it be impossible to create for a case of insanity an asylum within the house, with a paid attendant, then it is better, as soon as may be, to place the patient in some well-ordered hospital. The picture I have drawn is no sketch from fancy: many and many a life, and, worse than that, many a mind has been wrecked in such service; while, as I have said, and would like once more to urge as the best of all reasons, it is impossible to devise a better plan for insuring the continuance of a case of mental disease than keeping the patient in the constant company of one or more members of the same family.

A Word About Daniel Boone.

An earnest controversy is going on in the Kentucky newspapers as to whether Daniel Boone could or could not write. That well-known pioneer of civilization has heretofore chiefly been regarded as a bold backwoodsman, a hardy Indian fighter and a sturdy hunter, past generations cherishing with jealous care his reputation as the first settler of Kentucky, and giving him in these matters wide-spread fame. But recently there have been discovered in various places voluminous documents alleged to have been written by this pioneer—and so many of them, indeed, that, had Boone really written them, he must have been a man of extraordinary literary attainments. The hardy backwoodsman, whom once we thought could scarcely spell, suddenly appears as a sensational and historical author of voluminous productions. The election being over, the Kentucky editors take naturally to a new controversy, and some of them doubting the alleged authorship of these writings, upon the ground that Boone could not write at all, a dispute has arisen which is growing to large proportions.

A New Suggestion for Street-car Men.

A horseless car sliding merrily along the street seems to be a phenomenon so inexplicable to the equine mind as to quite disturb its equilibrium. In view of this the New York Express seriously asks: "Why has it never occurred to enterprising dummy builders and street-railway directors that two stuffed horse-skins suspended in front of a steam street-car, after the manner of the two sham horses attached to the car of Juggernaut, would render the machine as harmless and unterrific as the most ordinary hack or mule cart? The expense of such a horse-conciliating projection could scarcely exceed $10, and it would add to the weight of the car little, if any more than a single passenger." It certainly would be "a dummy builder" who would construct such a combination. Horses must get used to steam-cars in cities. In a few years they will have no choice about the matter.

☞ But one man has died at Cheyenne with his boots off since the town sprouted, and he had them in his teeth, and was crawling out of a bed-room window, when an avenging pistol-ball let daylight shine through him.

☞ Sergeant Bates, the American who started recently to walk from Glasgow to London, bearing unfurled the flag of his country, has arrived at Bolton. Everywhere between the two cities he was greeted with the cheers of the people, and he has in no way been molested. The Cincinnati Commercial comments: Sergeant Bates, the desperate Union flag-bearer, started from Glasgow, unmolested, and is progressing southward, his short pole having a flag at the top and a fool at the bottom.

☞ The young student ladies of Vassar kindly sent forty hoop-skirts that were out of style to the sufferers by the Boston fire.

WHAT TRUE LOVE COULD DO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLIO STANLEY.

"It was the last ball of the season, and Daisy Dalraine had promised the first waltz to Ned Terry.

She and Rose—Ned's pretty sister—had been standing under the flowering vines by the window for the last quarter of an hour, and many were the admiring glances cast that way, for Rose was a general favorite at Temple Hill—and her visitor, the pretty, piquant Daisy Dalraine, had won every heart that was worth the winning.

But Daisy was not a coquette, and those who would fain have been lovers were compelled to acknowledge that Daisy had never held out to any of them a promise of anything more than friendship. Still, there were two who were resolved to brave fate that last night, and each of them hoped to win the beautiful Daisy for his wife.

They had been watching her from opposite sides of the room, as she stood talking with Rose—and it was scarcely any wonder that at sight of her rare loveliness, their hearts beat quicker than was usual.

For Daisy fairly outshone the flowers that night. Her dress was of white lace, the numberless flounces looped here and there with lilies of the valley; and her hair, that glittering, golden wonder, fell in tiny waves about the matchless face, a stray curl kissing the sweet pink in her cheeks and falling softly down on the white dimpled shoulder.

Ned Terry, putting the little fair hand lightly on his arm, felt as if he would give the whole vain world, were it his to give, for the rapture of calling Daisy Dalraine his wife; and yet as they went round and round in the gay, happy waltz, his heart grew faint with a great dread, never known till that hour.

And Daisy—Daisy—went throbbing through his brain, and he held the dear little form closer to him, until Daisy's cheeks flushed warmer, and she looked up at him with an inquiring glance that brought him to his senses.

He paused suddenly and said in a voice that Daisy never thought of resisting:

"Come out on the balcony, Daisy. I am sure the night is delightful."

"It *is* warm in here," she answered, catching her breath as she saw Charlie Calhoun watching her from the open door. "But we must only stay out five minutes, for see, my card is full."

He found an unoccupied corner and brought her a seat; then standing in front of her with a face white with half-suppressed emotion, he told her he loved her and asked her to be his wife.

One startled glance she gave up into his face, and then dropped her eyes.

"I never knew—I didn't think, Ned—"

"No. Why should you have thought it? And yet you cannot wonder, Daisy, that being in the same house with you for a whole month and seeing you every day, I have learned to love you."

"I am sorry," she said simply.

"Then you cannot love me, Daisy, as I want to be loved?"

"No."

It was such a little word, yet so sorrowfully spoken.

"Then you love some one else, Daisy? Oh, Daisy Dalraine, I think it would kill me to see you the wife of any other man!"

She sat very still before him, and did not answer a word.

"Tell me, Daisy, *do* you love some one else?" he cried, snatching her hand and almost crushing it in his stern grasp.

"I don't know," said Daisy, beseechingly. "I am afraid I do. Oh, Ned, *don't* be unhappy; or, if you are, remember that I am unhappy too!"

There was a pause in the music, light feet paused in the gay waltz, and they were no longer alone on the balcony.

Daisy stood up with a little imploring gesture, and Ned Terry, though he felt for the moment as if his heart were breaking, offered her his arm again, and smiling at the pale, lifted face, he took her back to his sister.

And then he vanished, and found his way to a shadowy corner of the conservatory, where sinking down with his face in his hands, he let the laggard moments go by without a thought of those fair women who were vainly watching for his re-appearance.

He did not know how long he had been sitting there, but he was roused by the sound of voices, just the other side of the door.

In an instant he had recognized the newcomers as Charlie Calhoun and Isabel Baring, Daisy's cousin, whom he had long suspected of being in love with Charlie, and of trying to win him away from his allegiance to her fair little cousin.

"And it is Charlie who has won Daisy's heart," he thought with a sigh.

"Are you sure of what you have told me?" Charlie was saying, when Ned had roused himself enough to listen.

"Oh, yes," laughed Isabel, "and it is a very good thing for Daisy. She is a little wild, you know, and inclined to flirt, and it will make her a real sober, sensible little thing to be married. And then she and Rose are already like sisters, and I fancy no one would have suited her better for a real sister than Ned's choice."

"And she promised, you say," interrupted Charlie in a strange voice.

"Oh, yes, she was willing enough to promise. Of course, she has loved him this long while, and this was her last opportunity. You know we are all going home to-morrow. Ah, me, if we were all as happy as dear Daisy!"

"Could *you*—*can* you love—"

Charlie Calhoun stumbled and nearly fell as Ned Terry came rushing recklessly toward him, and, of course *that* sentence was left unfinished.

"Rose sent me for you, Charlie. She says she promised you this dance."

"Yes—of course—" he began with a very red face and a feeling of actual relief at the bottom of his heart.

And then Ned had begged Miss Baring to dance with him, and had led her away in triumph.

Do you dream that he had overcome temptation without a struggle? He knew that Daisy *liked* him, and perhaps if Charlie married some one else she might yet be his wife. But could he consent to win her in that way?

"No! a thousand times *no!*" he said to himself. "I love her too well for that. I shall have had *my* share of happiness in the world if I can make her happy."

And so he waited until the dance was over, and putting his hand on Charlie's arm begged him to come out with him. And then out under the sweet stars and the swaying leaves, he told him just what had happened—that he *had* asked Daisy to be his wife, but she had refused him.

"And it is because she loves *you*, Charlie! You see now why I didn't want you to propose to Miss Baring, and so lose your chance of winning Daisy."

"Ned, you are the noblest fellow in the world. I don't believe I have another friend living who would have done for me what you have done to-night!"

"I couldn't have done it either if I had loved her any less," he answered in a choked kind of voice. "Leave me now, old fellow, and go and find Daisy."

He wrung his friend's hand and went away, but he did not have far to go. There was a glimmer of white lace among the trees, and a glitter of golden hair; there was Daisy herself bending over a rosebush in the vain attempt to sever a white rose from the stem.

"Daisy," whispered a well-known voice that made her pulses quicken; "Daisy, let me give you the rose! But, oh, darling," he said, putting the rose in her hand, and clasping her close to his beating heart, "my love goes with it! Will you take both, Daisy?"

What she said was below her breath, and lovers' language cannot always be literally translated; but her sweet face went down on Charlie's shoulder, and she did not put away his detaining arm.

"Is it really true, dear Daisy, are you all my own?"

"If you care to take me," she whispered back with a soft blush on her cheek.

Who will blame him if he lifted the rosy little face, like a sweet flower surrounded by sunshine, and left upon it the royal seal of a lover's kisses?

Not you who have felt such kisses on your own lips, in some sweet far away June—*not you!*

Before the snow came Daisy was a wife; but not until a rosy little babe lay smiling on her knees did her husband tell her how near he once came to losing her, and whose hand had been stretched out to save him.

And Daisy looked up, her happy eyes full of tears, and said:

"Let us call our boy Ned, dear Charlie!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.

DANIEL BOONE, THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is the first of a series of sketches by this well-known author of the prominent men in the early history of our country. The next volume will contain the life and adventures of another famous Indian fighter, Miles Standish.

MARGARET. By C. C. FRASER TYTLER, author of "Jasmine Leigh." Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GRANVILLE VALLEY. By JACOB ABBOTT, author of the "Juno Stories," "The Rollo Books," &c. No. 4 of the "August Stories." Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE LILLINGSTONES OF LILLINGSTONE. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. Illustrated. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LECTURES ON THE REUNION OF THE CHURCHES. By JOHN J. I. VON DOLLINGER, D.D., D. C. L., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich, etc. Translated with Preface by HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M. A., late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price $1.50.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE. By the author of "Alice Lee's Discipline," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for December. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for November contains a number of excellent articles. Published by the Review Publishing and Printing Co., corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, Philada.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE for December. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

LOVE LETTERS.

These words recall blue ribbon, locks of hair, miniatures and dead roses, and they are as various as the hands that write them, and the eyes they are intended to bless. Sometimes they carry balm; sometimes bear disguised poison. They may be traced in honest truth and fealty by a rough red hand, that has no grace to lend the misshapen letters, save the beauty of true love in rough disguise; and then a soft white bit of symmetry may hide a lie in growing tenderness, and send it like an asp to hide in a rose's heart, to carry death to some believing breast. Some, yellowed by years, and rendered absurd by altered circumstances, or brought out of forgotten nooks to fill the evening hour with laughter at their polysyllabled vows and verbose adjectives; and others never see the light, except in tearful eyes, or feel a touch, except a passionate pressure to a faded breast that claims no other idol.

Love letters! There are women whom the world calls single, who are truly wedded to a tear-stained package as if it really were the being that it represents to them—who live in the old sweet time these missives once belonged to, and who keep their hearts apart from the dull reality that makes up their present world. Years may have passed, and nothing may have remained the same, save the dear dream that never knew reality; yet held in their love-life by their fragile paper bond, they dwell in that fair unsubstantial Spring-time, while Autumn fades and Winter cold and heavy reigns abroad in all the world.

We pity dreamers and their moonshine pictures, their bits of memories and mementos, their love-words, written or recalled as spoken, and faces whose limning fades as the real one has faded long ago under the coffin lid. And yet such trifles are heart treasures, as sure as gold and silver are riches to the purse; and as long as there is a world of the present nature, so long shall old love-letters find hoarders and prizers, and so long shall the past and present be bridged by the heart-dreams of the words felt and written in the bygone times.

☞ There is a boy in Missouri who wears shoes which are seventeen and a quarter inches long and seventeen inches around the instep. Worms and ants are stamped to death by those feet long before the boy heaves in sight.

The Harvest of the Head.—When the comb acts as a rake, bringing away a roll of parted fibers every time it is passed through the hair, baldness would soon be inevitable. But even in this case, forlorn as it may seem, the mischief can be arrested, the loss repaired. LYON'S KATHAIRON, aided by a brisk application of the brush to promote the absorption of the fluid by the scalp, will stop the thinning-out process in forty-eight hours. The roots from which the dead filaments were shed will soon be re-endowed with vitality and a new growth will speedily spring up on the denuded places. This work of reproduction will go on until the damage is completely repaired, and the luxuriant crop of hair thus produced will never wither or fall out as long as the vitalizing application is regularly continued.

☞ A clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied, "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half seas over. "Ah, sir," said the minister, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1870.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:—For the past six months I have used your Golden Medical Discovery in my practice, and in that time I have tested its merits in severe coughs, both acute and chronic, in chronic diseases of the throat, severe cases of bronchitis, general derangement of the system, constipated condition of the bowels, and wherever a thorough Alterative, or blood purifier, has been indicated. In all cases I have found it to act gently yet thoroughly and effectually in removing the various diseased conditions, and bringing about a healthy action throughout the system. Yours, fraternally,

500. H. L. HALL, M. D.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., nov1-tf New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct19-1y

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Audinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Raeburn," etc. (Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.)

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents be added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in *all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $3.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $10 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.60 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

☞ BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address **H. PETERSON & Co.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

RENEW SUBSCRIPTIONS EARLY.

We trust that those of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, will renew as early in December as possible.

So many subscriptions expire at that time, that it is impossible to re-enter them on our books at once, if they are held back to the last moment. Besides, such a great accumulation of work is a cause of frequent errors, as well as of delay.

If those therefore who can make it convenient will renew *early*, they will save us a great deal of trouble, and themselves the danger of there being any break in the regular weekly arrival of their paper.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to our readers, particularly the more youthful ones, that in the present number of THE POST we begin a novelette of extraordinary interest, entitled,

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE PHANTOM OF THE BLACK HILLS.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

The characters of this author are drawn from the life, and there is a vigor and originality in his narrative which charm the reader. As he himself says to us in sending on the story, "In writing it I have lived over again the scenes herein depicted."

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

About the first of January we shall begin a finely written novelette, entitled,

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

THE RAFTSMEN OF THE DELAWARE.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

Author of "Skale the Scout," "The Tory Brothers," "Agnes Ayre," Etc., Etc.

The scenes are laid in the midst of the wild and romantic country of the upper Delaware, with which section the author is himself intimately acquainted. It is with great satisfaction we offer our readers this spirited story.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

Our talented contributor, Mr. Maurice F. Egan, writes to us as follows:

"Your beautiful chromo was received. The acknowledged good taste of the editor of THE POST was never more evident than in the selection of this exquisite picture for his subscribers. The artist has admirably depicted an expression of innocent awe and loving obedience in the child's face, which, with its aureola of golden hair, is certainly sweeter than the faces of the world-renowned cherubs of Raphael. Please accept my thanks for it."

☞ The man who invented a machine for brushing hair, is now trying to run a patent tooth-brush with wheels and belting. He cut his eye-teeth with it last week.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of our handsome Steel Plate Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon," or to the Beautiful Chromo of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50 subscribers, at $3 each,		a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth..... $50.00
For 40	"	a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth..... 40.00
For 40	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth 50.00
		or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth..... 55.00
		or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth..... 60.00
For 30	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth..... 30.00
For 30	"	a Novelty Printing Press, worth..... 20.00
For 20	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth..... 20.00
For 14	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth..... 14.00
For 12	"	a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth..... 12.00
		or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth..... 12.00
		or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth..... 12.00
For 10	"	a Silver-plated Caster, worth..... 10.00
For 9	"	a set of Parlor Billiards, worth..... 8.00
		or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth..... 10.00
		or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth 10.00
		or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth..... 9.00
For 5	"	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth..... 4.50
For 4	"	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth..... 4.00
For 4	"	a set of Parlor Quoits, worth..... 3.00
For 2	"	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth..... 1.75

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

For 5 subscribers at $3 each,		No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth..... 4.00
For 6	"	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth..... 4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

For 3 subscribers at $3 each,		One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth,..... 2.50
		or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each..... 1.25
For 5	"	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 5 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth.. 4.50

PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

For 5 subscribers, at $3 each,		Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, Ivory tip, worth..... 4.00
For 4	"	Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Ivory tip, worth..... 3.75
For 5	"	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth..... 3.75

HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

For 12 subscribers, at $3 each,		Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth..... 10.00
For 10	"	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth..... 8.00
For 8	"	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth..... 7.00

HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

For 3 subscribers, at $3 each,		One Set Tea Spoons,	Extra Plate, worth..... 2.25
For 5	"	"	Triple " " 4.00
For 6	"	Dessert "	Extra " " 4.25
For 8	"	"	Triple " " 6.50
For 7	"	Table "	Extra " " 5.50
For 10	"	"	Triple " " 8.25
For 8	"	Forks,	Extra " " 5.50
For 10	"	"	Triple " " 8.25
For 4	"	A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth	2.00
For 6	"	One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth.....	5.50

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible to their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be *new* subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address **H. PETERSON & CO.,**
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOTE.—The price for which we offer THE POST and our beautiful CHROMO (or a Steel Engraving) to our yearly subscribers is just the same that all the first-class Literary Weeklies charge FOR THEIR PAPERS ALONE.

In other words, those who subscribe to The Post will get not only (to speak modestly) as good a paper, but either of our beautiful Premium Pictures besides.

Those that canvass for new subscribers should not forget this fact.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

Concerning a Great Nuisance.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It appears to me I could die happy if I knew for certain that there wouldn't be any agents in Heaven. Particularly sewing-machine agents.

A certain school of theologians declare that in this world you get your purgatory as you go along. I believe it. And my purgatory is a purgatory of agents. Particularly sewing-machine agents. I've registered a vow on Josh Billings's almanac that I'll throw a pail of cold water upon the head of the very next confounded machine agent that sets foot inside my door. What's more, I mean to do it! Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, it has, and I hereby warn machine agents to stand from under. They've driven me to that point, with their everlasting brassy palaver and their ineffable impudence, that I'm no longer accountable for what I do. I'm a temporary insanity under strong excitement. And still the fiendish tormentors keep coming. "Maybe they think I'm a phool." I'll show 'em, one of these days.

I haven't any sewing-machine. I tell you that strictly in confidence, but don't repeat it for goodness' sake. If the agents find it out there won't be a toe-nail left of me by to-morrow night. If I want a sewing-machine, I can go and get one. But I don't want a sewing-machine. I never mean to buy one, and, when I do buy one, I know exactly what make of machine I'm going to get, where I'm going to get it, whom I'm going to buy it of, what I'm going to pay for it, what wagon will haul it out to our house, who will set it up for me, and what young lady will teach me to operate it. What's more, I know that I'm never going to make any shirts on it. That was in the bargain. Such being the case all around, I appeal to any Christian woman to say whether it isn't a *leetle* hard to have five sewing-machine agents drumming at me eight days out of every seven.

They all wear striped trousers, every mother's son of 'em. I hate striped trousers. They all carry cheap stove-pipe hats stuck sideways on their ugly little skulls. I abominate cheap stove-pipe hats stuck sideways. They all have brass watch-chains stretched across their stomachs. I suppose their stomachs would fall away if they didn't keep 'em held together with brass stay-chains. I detest brass chains. And when you take striped trousers and a cheap stove-pipe hat and a brass watch-chain and put a brass sewing-machine agent into 'em, you will have an extraordinarily magnificent specimen of the tribe nuisance.

A sewing-machine agent has brass enough in him to build a Colossus of Rhodes.

One of my acquaintances has no less than five sewing-machines in her house this minute on trial. She is a woman who always obeys her husband, consequently she's meek, and can't take her own part in the world. So she is an utterly helpless prey to the abominable agents who come piling into her house with their lumbering old machines, their nasty brass watch-chains, their dirty collars and tobacco. They all spit tobacco and wear dirty collars, I've noticed. They frighten the poor lady out of her wits, and talk her to death. They've worried her till there's hardly enough of her left to make a shadow. She talks of moving into the street, and giving up her house to the sewing-machine agents, rent free. The person most to be pitied in this world is that person who can't give anybody a blowing up.

The agent is the crowning nuisance of the nineteenth century.

You can't buy a peck of potatoes any more that it doesn't have to pass through the hands of a half-dozen dirty-fingered hucksters and middlemen, before it comes to you. And every blessed one of those half-dozen hucksters takes his per cent. out of you, who eat that peck of potatoes in the bosom of your family. The very morning paper left at our doors has to be bought and sold once or twice before we get it. Everybody alive helps support a swarm of thieving, sponging agents who don't produce anything, or do anybody any good from the time they are born till they die. Everything comes to us through middlemen, who skin their living off us poor victims as we go.

If there is anything in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, then for sure the soul of a gad-fly ever and anon passes into the body of a man, and he goes ranging up and down the earth in the shape of an agent, seeking whom he may devour, and driving his fellow-man, and particularly his fellow-woman, to frenzy. Though you take the wings of the morning and fly away to the uttermost parts of the earth in the extreme remote regions of the Western wilds, behold! even there you can't escape the everlasting agent; for he assumes the form of a detestable fruit-tree peddler, and drives up to your doomed doorway some evening at dark and invites himself to stay all night with you—and stays. Summer after Summer the accursed fruit-tree peddler sponges his living off the unoffending farmers, and sells 'em sour, knotty seedlings for Orange Sweets, and Grindstones for Golden Russets. Half his good-for-nothing trees die the first year, and the other half are something else than what you bought 'em for. But in spite of all these little drawbacks, the indefatigable agent sticks to you like a burr, and never leaves you nor forsakes you, but follows you up with his tiresome, impudent pow-wow till you are at the very verge of the grave, with at least one foot in. Then he leaves you to hunt up your heirs, and nab them before some rival swindler gets them in his clutches.

I declare to you, if I had my choice, I'd sooner see a "pizen sarpient" knocking at my front door than an agent.

He is the mosquito of the human race, infinitely worse than his namesake, the insect, for the little chap only bites in hot weather, while the agent sucks your blood and poisons your domestic felicity all the year round, Winter and Summer. He is a leech, a nuisance, a plague and a pestilence, worse than chicken-cholera, horse-disease or George Francis Train. He is a greater pest than the potato-bug, so he is, every one of him, from the little scamp who sneaks into the bosom of your family with patent window-fastenings, to the insurance agent who, according to the newspapers, falls from a six-story window upon a stone pavement and doesn't hurt himself in the least, because he falls upon his cheek! Confusion confound the whole pack, I say!

☞ A North Main street man found out something that if applied to the soles of boots or shoes would preserve them for an indefinite length of time. He coated his boots with it, and his wife's shoes with it, and the children's shoes with it; and now he wants to exchange all his carpets for a loaded horse-pistol.

☞ Mrs. Partington, reading of the strike of the wire-drawers, remarked, "Ah, me! what new-fangled things won't they wear next!"

THE OLD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

I read it in the faltering voice
With which you sang the ballad o'er—
The song we sang in happier days—
That music charmed your soul no more.

The careless crowd were pressing round,
O'erwhelming you with smiles and praise—
I knew your thoughts were far away;
Your heart was with our vanished days.

I knew you thought of happy hours
That would not, could not come again—
It needed not that wistful glance
To tell me of the frail heart's pain.

His wealth was countless—mine, alas!
Was yet to win—you turned aside,
Unheeding all my prayers and tears,
And sold yourself for pomp and pride.

And when we met again to-night,
After long years in that gay throng,
I marked the rose fade from your cheek,
And heard you falter in your song.

Oh! lady fair, 'mid all that crowd
None, none might read in that proud eye,
The secret of a heavy heart,
Save he who echoed back your sigh.

Alas, that you should learn too late
To prize the love you cast aside!
Alas, that still my heart should thrill
While gazing on *another's bride!*

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST:—The "beautiful snow" came down right merrily the other evening to the intense joy of the few, and infinite disgust of the many; it was a little unexpected too; hardly any one had received any intimation that we were to have a taste of Winter—or more properly speaking a square meal, and half the multitude of ladies who were caught in the eddying storm blocks from home were unprovided with furs. And that fact brings me to another that is somewhat surprising: No matter how handsome and costly may be the furs in a lady's possession, she always seems to have a mortal dread of putting them on in the beginning of Winter—even prefers to shiver for a month or two rather than take them from their aromatic nests where they have lain all the long Summer months under the stupefying influence of camphor, opium, and tobacco. I do not know why they should have any hesitation about it—we never discover any such nonsense in gentlemen; they drift gracefully from Fall overcoats to Winter ones, and that so naturally no one observes the change. But then gentlemen think more of their comfort than ladies do, and seasons are all alike to them. In the hurry of business they cannot stop to sentimentalize, and cannot be expected to have any overweening affection for the beautiful Autumnal days, and no one is astonished if they do not propound the conundrum:

"Where are the flowers—the fair young flowers that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?"

But with ladies it is different. They hold close communion with Nature, and not one out of a thousand but prefers Summer to Winter, and the melancholy season to either; they dislike to let go their hold; and in donning their furs they feel that they have done so, and are obliged to accept the situation and consider Winter as firmly established. And once satisfied that the white-bearded old tyrant has really taken possession, they pay no farther attention to

"The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger tips of sleet,"

but proceed to enjoy themselves just the same as ever. Lectures and theatres, operas, concerts, balls and receptions are all in order, and *weddings* too. I don't know what the statistics will show, but it seems to me we are giving 1872 a great many more marriages than it is entitled to. Connubiality must be on the increase, I take it, for such an amount of joining in wedlock never was seen before. It seems a sort of God-send in many instances too. I don't know how many old maids—belated sisters I should have said—who retired from the contest years and years ago, and who have been reposing "on the shelf" in a state of mental quiescence ever since, have brushed off the cobwebs and started afresh, and strange as it may seem, come in on the home-stretch—*winners*. I don't know how they manage it exactly, but it proves the truth of the old adage: "There never was a goose so gray," etc., and leads one to the belief that it is possible for a woman to be more fascinating at Forty than she was at Eighteen. The youth and freshness may have departed, but if the "know how" has come in their place they are little to be regretted.

But I set out to talk about fur, and I seem to be "advancing backward" rapidly, as it were, and I don't know as it is much to be wondered at either; when one gets on the subject of weddings there is always a great deal to say; for after you are through with the orange blossoms and the bridal finery, and have discussed the "plated-ware" and other presents, you naturally fall to speculating on the average happiness of married couples, and wonder how long before the conjugal felicity before you will make its appearance in a divorce court. You can generally bet on three years, but not, as Mark Twain would say, "With that unflinching confidence a Christian feels in four aces," for there are cases on record where a thorough and complete disruption of ties has taken place within three months. In such cases you would lose, and if you had "staked your life" it might come a little awkward to you if obliged to pay up at short notice. As to furs, the only new idea in market this season is the beautiful black lynx sets which bear a trifling resemblance to the black marten, but are much more desirable, and for once the "eternal fitness of things" is shown in their being afforded at a much lower figure. This state of things, however, will probably not last more than the present Winter. As soon as furriers discover that lynx is the popular fancy—a "fancy" price will be immediately tacked on, and a more euphonious name also, if it is possible for human ingenuity to find it. Muffs and boas of monkey skin were introduced last season, but for some reason femininity did not go wild over them as they are apt to over everything that has about it the charm of novelty. This year we see them exhibited in greater quantities under the name of "Chimpanzee sets."

But "what's in a name?" asks Juliet. Gorilla is quite as pretty as Chimpanzee for aught I know, if one wishes to ape the fashion of dealers and be original. (The grin comes in at *ape*.) But call them what you will, these sets do not seem to be very popular. Whether Mr. Darwin's extraordinary theory has anything to do with their non-adoption by fashionables, I am unable to say; but I, for one, in caressing the long coarse hair of these chimpanzee muffs, could not, I fear, help having qualms as I reflected that that dainty article of apparel might once have given warmth to a blood relative. The fact of our not being acquainted would make but little difference, the ties of consanguinity are not to be lightly passed over. There is a rumor that *mink* is not as much sought for as formerly, that the introduction of long black furs has had the effect of visibly decreasing the demand for mink; be that as it may, it shows no diminution in price—the market value this season ranging from fifty to one hundred and thirty dollars.

Sables of the best quality, handsomely trimmed, can be purchased for $500. These muffs are made considerably larger than those worn in other furs, and somehow they do not seem to harmonize at all with youth and frivolity, but appear rather to be adapted to staid and sober matrons who long ago forgot they were ever anything but the rigidly decorous individuals they are to-day; whose memory of the sweet "long-ago," when love-tones were music to their ears, and the jest, the laugh, the song, were their delight, has grown so dim and obscured, that gayety in later generations tortures their sense of propriety beyond all endurance.

In the trimming of Winter garments, fur is an institution. Individually, I don't fancy it much, but fortunately everybody does not see everything through my spectacles. The fur of the silver fox is best liked, and is most expensive, and as a border on velvet cloaks looks very handsome—or, as nine ladies out of ten would say,—is "just as sweet as it can be." Chinchilla comes next, and after that black marten. In children's furs, chinchilla, ermine, Siberian squirrel, and cony constitute the variety. Sets of cony, consisting of cap, sacque and muff, are considerably more than fashionable for little girls. They look pretty, and are considered indispensable by tender mammas on account of their warmth. The price of these sets is $15, and upward, according to size. The little Normandy caps, with linings of blue or pink, are still worn, and bid fair for an extended reign.

In hats and bonnets for ladies, several new shapes have put in an appearance since my last, but so far do not seem to have been honored by any names. They want to name everything "Pauline Lucca," but they don't dare do anything more in that direction for fear of an earthquake or something; and unless some other foreign celebrity turns up, I am afraid we shall scarcely be able to address our hats by their given names this Winter. But, after all, that won't matter much, if we can only get a peacock feather stuck in among the bows and laces somewhere; and a ribbon of peacock blue or peacock green is a little indispensable too. A hat to be of any great consequence *must* have some peacock color in it this season. The color is a new one, and naming it after an ordinary and ungraceful barn-door fowl does not give evidence of any startling amount of originality. If the Boston fire had occurred sooner, they might have done better. Perhaps it would have been "Boston blue-blazes"—that would have been both alliterative and elegant; but we can't always have a conflagration to suggest ideas, and must learn to depend upon ourselves.

A Young Lady's Opinion of People and Newspapers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR MR. POST—Little Samuel is a perfect gem. I wouldn't be without it for anything, the dear little darling. It makes one feel good just to look at it. Say some of my friends, "I would like so much to have one." "Well," I reply, "just hand me $3 for my club, and you may not only have this lovely picture, but one of the best papers in publication to boot. Little Samuel itself is worth $3."

Some open their pocket-books and hand out $3, as any sensible person would do, and some, who are not at all sensible, scratch their heads—hateful things—and pass on. No matter, there are more sensible people in this world than hateful ones any way.

This world contains some singular beings, Mr. Post. I don't believe in the Darwinian theory—yet I can't believe in the unity of the human race. I shall give you a few instances of what I call singular beings.

One bright morning, not long since, I started out with "Little Samuel" in one hand, a copy of Post and Lady's Friend in the other, for the purpose of forming a club. I had success at first, for I met sensible people, you see, who upon examining the reading matter, &c., gave me their names and—the cash immediately. Now for the first singular one.

"Good-morning, Mrs. A.," said I, stepping into a cosey little parlor. "Don't have a fire made," as she began calling for coal. "I'm hurried: I want your name on my club list here for a good paper or magazine. Examine the reading matter before you refuse; and here"—opening the picture—"this is extra." Her eyes danced at sight of the chromo, but she sighed and said:

"Oh, Daisy, it's useless for me to take reading matter; I never have time to read."

"I have to work, Mrs. A., equally as much as you, yet I find time at night for reading."

"Oh, but you don't have these children to rock to sleep every night."

"I hope you don't rock these great boys to sleep." (One was two years old, Mr. Post; the other more than three.)

"Oh, yes, Henry rocks one and I the other; if we didn't, we should have no rest."

"And that's the reason you can't take a magazine? Well, good-morning."

The next one was Mrs. B.; she couldn't afford it.

"Tell me, Mrs. B.," said I, "what did that curl dangling there at the side of your head cost you?"

"Three dollars exactly.

"Three dollars! Just what the *Post* would cost you. Don't you think a good weekly paper would be of more benefit to you than that dingle-dangle concern?"

"Oh, I don't know." But she did know.

Well, the next was a young man who had a good little sister at home cooking his meals and patching his old clothes.

My proposition to him was to subscribe for the magazine for his sister, (and by the by, young men, that will please a sister, sweetheart or wife more than anything else; Christmas is most here—of course you will make her a present—a year's subscription to the *Post* or *Lady's Friend* is the very thing. Hearken, ye staid Benedicts!)

"Oh, I can't spend money so foolishly," he replied.

"No, sir, you can't do that; but you can go up there to the bar-room and spend it very *wisely* for segars and whisky."

One young lady gave $15 for a hat, but she couldn't afford a paper, when a $10 hat would have answered every purpose, thereby leaving $5 for my club. But fiddlesticks on such singular folks, who cares about 'em, for between ourselves I got my club.

One said to me:—"Daisy, you are just as poor as I am—how do you manage to always have reading matter? I never can spare the money."

"You can, if you will. In the first place, I don't wear all that fiddle-de-dee on my head; if you count the cost of it, you'll find money enough on your head to pay for three or four years' subscription. Next, I make my own dresses, saving those dressmakers' heavy bills; and if with all my saving I still can't afford a paper, I form a club—don't you see?"

No, Mr. Post, everybody can afford all these fashionable frivolities, but flowers, papers, magazines, and all those little things which make one's home more home-like are too dear. For my part, I'd much rather see more of these and not so many hats, bonnets, &c. I love to see flower-pots in the windows, a good magazine on the centre-table, and a wall-basket of papers, &c.

As near Heaven as we can be on earth is, on a cold winter's night, to sit by a cheerful fire with a waiter of apples and hickory-nuts before us, and the good old *Post* in our hands.

Folks, if you want to pass these coming winter evenings pleasantly, lay in a supply of apples and nuts, and send for the Post.

DAISY BURNS.

TOO WELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

To those who have lived long enough to learn at least a part of life's hard lesson, the assertion will not seem hard or bitter, or fraught with the cold cynicism, born of many a grief and heartache—that women where they really bestow affection, *love too well!* How many of us are there, to-day, whose record of loves and friendships unrolls fair and clear, without spot or blot? In the long list that fills this teeming page can we write "worthy" against every name? Is not the stain of fast-dropping tears found but too often in that word's stead? Of little use is it to enter a protest against the lavish bestowal of the heart's best gifts and graces upon unworthy objects, for while the world swings round and round, from day to day, and from year to year, must be chronicled friendship's betrayal and love's perfidy. In the first flush of trustful youth it is hard to believe that "things are not what they seem," and more especially, people. Fair, precious youth. It were a shame to give thee in return for thy o'erflowing measure of good gifts nought save distrust and bitterness; for thy light laughter only burning tears.

Woe for us who learn full soon the lessons the world teaches to its children. We are apt pupils, and there are some short, sharp words that we need define but once, to remember forever their meaning; stamped on heart and brain, we carry the memory of them to our graves. Human hearts, *women's* hearts are the same the world over.

Generous to a fault, no stinted measure deal they unto those they love. They know not how to give but half a heart.

"More's the pity."

MY LOST DARLING.

Affectionately Inscribed to "Cousin Lottie."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LULA BIDELER.

Under the sod and the waving grass,
He is sleeping now, and my eyes are dim;
For all the visions of hope and joy,
Went out from my life when they buried him.

Oh, had the lips that I loved so well,
Whispered good-bye ere they closed for aye,
It would be a joy to my weary heart,
And my tears wouldn't fall so bitter to-day.

He left me smiling that Summer morn,
And careless and gay were the words he said,
And I watched him go with a thrill of pride,
And at twilight they brought him back to me *dead*.

Cold were the lips that had smiled at morn,
White was the face that I tried to see,
White with the dews of death, and yet
'Twas the fairest face in the world to me.

Tenderly back from my darling's brow
They had brushed the curls so damp and wet,
And he seemed asleep with his blue eyes closed,
With a look on his face I shall ne'er forget.

Oh, the bitter pain that I felt that day—
Do you wonder then that I prayed to die?
It was *worse* than death when I turned away,
And knew I had kissed him a *last* good-bye.

And they buried my darling where the sun
Will shine, and the Summer flowers will glow,
But the sunshine into my darkened life
Never will come again I know.

PERSONAL.

When Nilsson appeared at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg, she was called before the curtain twenty-two times.

Miss Kate Field is the queen of candor. She says, "I am not attracted to English women, married or unmarried, as I am to the men." That's very natural.

They've got Froude down to a pretty fine point in New York. A statistical student says that in the first twenty-five minutes of a recent lecture he put his hand in his pocket twenty-one times, and lifted his coat-tail thirty-five times, by actual count.

A Terre Haute youth wears a photograph of Nilsson next his heart. He Haute to remember that she is a married woman.

Some of the young fellwos in Philadelphia have pockets made in the sleeves of their overcoats, wherein a lady may keep her hand warm when walking arm in arm with them.

The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not their birth. The adoption of the same chronological fiction now-a-days would save unmarried ladies from a good many impertinent inquiries.

The Marquis of Bute is the principal owner of the new line of steamers from Cardiff to New York. Will his sailors be Bute Jacks?

Mrs. Imogene Brown may be thankful to Providence for the possession of a fine voice—a very high-priced voice—the highest, indeed, in the church-choir way yet known in Episcopal annals either here or abroad. Mrs. I. B. has been engaged to sing A. M. and P. M. on Sundays at St. Bartholomew's Church at $3000 a year. In the evening she is to sing at Christ Church for another $1000, thus realizing from her beautiful voice and culture about $80 a Sunday. Behold how good and pleasant it is to be the possessor of that sort of thing!

Mansard, whose roofs are the subject of much obloquy at present, was superintendent of public buildings in the reign of Louis XIV. It is told of him that he possessed to a remarkable amount the power of subtle flattery, which he used to practice with great ingenuity upon the king. He would sometimes submit plans, portions of which were purposely made so impracticable, not to say absurd, that the king could not avoid detecting and pointing out the inconsistencies, whereupon Mansard would declare that if his majesty had not been a king he would have made a first-class architect, blaming himself the while for having made such blunders. It is not stated whether the famous roof was one of these latter, nor whether the king took fire at it when it was shown to him.

What a loose fish Rossini was, to be sure. An old letter of his has just appeared, addressed to a young artist who consulted him as to the best manner of composing an overture. And this is what the old sinner wrote: "First, wait till the evening before the first performance. Nothing excites inspiration like necessity, the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair, tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy in my time all the managers were bald at thirty. Second, I composed the overture to Othello in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and most furious of managers had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and the threat that I should not leave the place alive till I had written the last note. Third, I wrote the overture to Gazza Ladra on the day of the first performance, in the upper loft of La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager, under the guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out of the window bit by bit to copyists who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music I was to be thrown out myself. Fourth, for Barbiere I did better. I composed no overture, but tacked on one intended for a very serious work called Elisabetta. The public were delighted. Fifth, I composed the overture to Count Ory when angling, with my feet in the water, and when in the company of M. Aguado, who was talking Spanish finance all the time."

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MARIE.

BY FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Across the far blue hills, Marie,
The mellow moon looks wistfully,
And folds us lingering sadly here—
This last, last time for many a year.
Farewell, farewell, I pass from thee,
Across the sad hills, love Marie!

Across the far blue hills, Marie,
The same sweet moon shall shine on thee,
When drawing nigh to this dear place,
With tears upon thy wan, sweet face,
Thou'lt yearn and stretch sad hands for me,
Across the sad hills, love Marie.

Across the happy hills, Marie,
With happy steps I come to thee;
The years of parting all are o'er,
We twain shall part on earth no more.
Come forth, come forth to welcome me,
Across the happy hills, Marie!

Across the shadowy hills, Marie,
I come, I pause, I look for thee.
I only find a mossed head-stone—
A little legend graved thereon,
That tells me thou art gone from me,
Across Death's dim hills, love Marie.

Across the bars of Heaven, Marie,
Look from thy place in love on me,
And cheer me while I linger here,
Lone toiling through each lonely year,
Till God shall bid me come to thee,
Across the far hills, love Marie!

THE CHILTON ESTATE;

OR,

Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

JANE BURKE'S LETTER.

The sunlight lay warm and bright all around her, and glittered like so much silver on the clustering ivy-leaves, and the grand old trees where birds were singing their matin songs, and yet Hetty shivered as if a cold wind had blown over her as she walked slowly up and down the terrace after Reginald and Claudia had left her.

She could not hear the mad words that were at that moment being uttered, but she guessed only too well their import.

"God help us!" she kept saying over and over to herself. "We are two poor weak girls in the hands of villains, and can do nothing for ourselves, oh, God of mercy!"

Such a desperate prayer as she had never prayed in all her life before fell from her pale lips there in the sunshine.

She knew that some terrible trial was close at hand.

A shivering of glass over her head suddenly arrested her attention. She looked up. The noise came from the attic story—from the very room, perhaps, into which she had been locked that first night of her coming to Chilton Villa.

Somebody had broken the window glass. While she was still gazing upward in some dismay, a hand was suddenly thrust out, behind which she caught the vague outline of a human face looking down at her.

A folded strip of paper fluttered from the hand and fell at a little distance.

Hetty ran forward and picked it up. It proved to be a hastily written letter, and contained these words:

"Your enemies and mine have found us out, my dear daughter. I was seen that night when I came to your bedroom. Perhaps our conversation was overheard. I don't know. At any rate, I have been looked into the upper room, and *he* has come here more than once to force me to divulge my secret. But I will not. I shall remain true to my own darling's interests. And by and by I shall manage to get out and see you. Be patient. I think something is to be done very soon—I scarcely know what. But bear up bravely, and in God's own time all will be well."

Then this letter ended abruptly. There was no signature, but Hetty knew, of course, that Jane Burke had written it. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of a book—or what appeared to be such. Hetty strongly suspected it had been prepared before she made her appearance on the terrace, to take advantage of just such an opportunity as was thus afforded.

She glanced up quickly when the last word was reached. Both hand and face had been withdrawn. All was still above.

Who was meant by the pronoun "he," which had been underlined in the letter? Mr. Chilton? It seemed probable. But in what manner had she ever been mixed up in Jane Burke's affairs or Mr. Chilton's until of late? How could Jane Burke know a secret that concerned her? Why had she called her "my dear daughter?"

The singular letter was a puzzle. And yet everything at Chilton Villa had been mysterious.

Daughter! Was Jane Burke really her mother?—or had she used these words simply as a term of endearment?

She had reached this point in her reflections when Claudia's footsteps came flying up the path. She had scarcely time to thrust the letter out of sight when the distressed girl made her appearance.

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty!"

Such was the cry she heard, and in another moment poor Claudia was lying in her arms and hiding her frightened face in her bosom.

"What is the matter?" she asked, gently, though she knew already.

"Oh, I am so wretched," sobbed Claudia. "It has come to pass just as you tried to warn me it would."

"What has come to pass?"

"He—Reginald—asked me to marry him. I'm sure you thought he would, and that is why you asked me to shun him."

"Yes, yes. I guessed that he loved you. But you, Claudia, what did you say to him?"

Still keeping her face hidden Claudia answered in a faltering voice:

"What *could* I say? I do not love my Cousin Reginald. And I do love Roland with all my heart, and Roland loves me. I had to tell him so, or something like it."

Hetty changed color.

"What did Reginald say to that?" she cried, breathlessly.

"I think he was angry. But he said he had been hasty and would give me until to-morrow to answer him. Then he went away. But oh, Hetty, I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what?"

"Of Reginald. You don't know how he looked at me; you don't know how his voice sounded."

"Poor child!"

Hetty tried to say something reassuring, comforting. But she could not. She was unable to find voice for such words.

"Let us go in," she said in a sharp whisper. "We cannot talk here."

Up-stairs they went, like two poor, stricken creatures, but even there they could not readily find words in which to converse. A strange spell of silence seemed to have fallen between them—such a spell as the shadow of some unknown horror sometimes casts.

Later in the day, Hetty saw Mr. Chilton, Reginald and Lamont standing together in a sheltered part of the grounds, conversing very earnestly.

Of what? Were they considering how to tighten their net more and more closely about their victims?

It was all very horrible—this suspense, this uncertainty. In what would it end? Great heaven, in what?

Of course Hetty did not mention to Claudia what she had seen. She could not. The oath she had taken sealed her lips too effectually.

In the dusk of evening they were sitting together, when Claudia said abruptly:

"I wish I knew where to find my Uncle James."

Hetty started violently. She was glad that the friendly darkness hid her ghastly cheeks.

"Your Uncle James," she repeated.

"Yes, Uncle James Chilton. Did I never speak of him? It was because I have scarcely ever seen him."

Hetty cried eagerly:

"Don't you know where to find him? Think, think! Somebody must surely know his address."

Claudia slowly shook her head.

"He went to Europe, I believe. I don't know that he has ever returned to this country."

Hetty gave a deep groan. She almost betrayed herself—almost broke the fearful oath she had sworn.

Claudia knew so little, suspected so little of the real truth, after all! Oh, could she but have told her that James Chilton had been to that very house to see her and assure himself she was well-treated and happy! Oh, could she have lisped but a single word of the truth!

But she dared not.

After a brief silence, she asked in a voice that trembled in spite of herself:

"What would you do if you could learn Mr. James Chilton's present address?"

"I would go to him. I am sure he is good and kind. He would protect me from all violence. He would not let Reginald persecute me, or—"

She stopped abruptly. The old distrust of her relatives was strong upon her. But she was giving it too free utterance. Her sense of right would not suffer her to go on. After all, she knew nothing positively.

"Don't mind my words," she said with a short laugh. "I believe I am talking at random. We are apt to do injustice to other people in such words. I will remain silent."

"Oh, Claudia, I think I understand you."

The words were forced from Hetty's unwilling lips. A brief silence followed. Claudia stared hard at her through the darkness.

"Never mind," she said, hastily, and then rose up and walked away.

Poor Hetty slept very little that night. It must have been near morning when she thought she heard soft footfalls at no great distance. She listened. All was still for a moment, and then the footsteps came again, this time pausing at her door.

"Are you awake, dear child?" whispered a voice through the key-hole.

It was Jane Burke's voice. Hetty sprang up in her long night-robes, and breathlessly approached the door.

"Yes, I am awake," she whispered back again. "Wait one moment and I will let you in."

She turned the key softly, though in a state of nervous trepidation. "Why have you ventured to come here again?" she asked, looking hard at the dark figure standing just across the threshold.

"I wanted to see you for just one little minute," the answer came back in a broken voice. "You are not sorry? You do not begrudge me this pleasure?"

"Oh no, no. Come in."

"I can't. I mustn't stay." She drew nearer and laid her hand on Hetty's arm. "There is something wrong in my head to-night. It would help me—I know it would—if I might kiss you. May I?"

There was a something so wildly imploring in the woman's voice, that Hetty could not refuse. But she felt a little thrill, half of repulsion, half of delight, as Jane Burke's lips touched her cheek.

"Thank you, dear child. Now I can go back again and feel content."

She was turning to move away, but Hetty eagerly detained her.

"Why did you come at all?" she demanded.

"For that kiss," was the strange answer. "I knew you were good and tender-hearted. I thought you wouldn't refuse a miserable creature like me."

Hetty recoiled a little.

"You called me your child," she faltered.

"Did I?" wildly. "Good God! Forget it—forget it, in Heaven's name. *They* would kill us both, if they knew! They would kill us both, if they knew, I say!"

"What *do* you mean?" cried Hetty, desperately. "Tell me!"

"I can't. Don't ask me. It's a secret that would cost you dear. *They* suspect something already. Don't let them suspect anything more."

The woman's manner was growing wilder and more incomprehensible. Of a sudden she leaned over Hetty and whispered sharply in her ear,

"I wish you could leave this house now—to-night. I would help you. Will you go?"

Poor Hetty's pulses began to bound at the thought of freedom.

"And take Claudia with me?" she exclaimed. "Oh, yes, yes. If Claudia will go, I am ready to fly this instant."

"No," she said, sharply. "The house is watched too carefully. One person might escape, but not two. If you go at all you must go alone."

"Then I shall remain," and she heaved a deep sigh as she said this.

"Think, think! You are running risks of which you little dream by remaining here. Now, for the last time, *will* you go?"

"No," answered Hetty, boldly.

Jane Burke seemed to wring her hands in sore perplexity. She did not speak again for some seconds, but Hetty heard her sobbing softly to herself.

"I must leave you," she said, at last. "We might be surprised at any moment. It must not be known that I have been here.

"How did you get out? I thought you were locked into a room in the attic."

"I was," returned Jane, with a cunning leer. "But I found a key in the rubbish that unlocks my door. Isn't it funny?" and she laughed again. "Now I am going back to lock myself in once more. It's strange, strange that a woman should consent to be her own jailer."

She turned, as she spoke, and glided quickly away in the darkness. Hetty heard her laughing a suppressed but insane laugh as she did so.

Locking her door, she crept tremblingly into bed again.

Her brain was in a whirl. Jane Burke's visit had only deepened the chaos of her mind. Her doubts, and fears and distress had all been strengthened, intensified.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MASK TORN OFF.

Claudia went down to the breakfast table the next morning looking very pale. She hoped Reginald would not be there, but he was, and he looked quickly and closely at her, and the glow in his eyes seemed to say:

"Your time of grace has expired. Now you must submit. You are mine, mine!"

It was a very dull hour that followed. Claudia sat silent and abstracted, and ate scarcely a mouthful. As soon as she could do so without absolute rudeness, she arose to withdraw.

A step sounded behind her as she left the dining-room. It was Reginald's, and her heart bounded with fear as she recognized it.

The door of a little ante-room near the library stood ajar. With only one thought—that of eluding her persecutor—she pushed this door open, and slipped into the room.

Too late! Reginald had caught a glimpse of her disappearing figure. Another moment, and he confronted her on the threshold.

"And so you were trying to avoid me?" he said, under his breath.

"I am not well," she murmured, faintly. "Let me pass—please let me pass, I must go to my room."

"Not yet." His fingers encircled her wrist in a grip of iron. He looked hard at her with the madness of a strong man's hopeless love in his eyes and his whole convulsed face.

"There was a question you were to answer to-day, Claudia. I insist that you answer it here and now."

She sought to draw away from him, almost screaming with pain.

"I have no answer that you have not heard already."

"No other answer?"

"None."

"You will not marry me?"

"I cannot."

He flung her hand away from him, and then caught it instantly again, covering it with impetuous kisses. "Think, think, Claudia," he cried, dropping on his knees at her feet. "I cannot give you up. I shall die if you scorn me now. I cannot live without you. I will not."

The man was almost sublime in his passion, and for the first time Claudia's bosom thrilled with pity.

"Rise, Reginald, dear cousin," she softly implored. "You pain me beyond measure."

"I will not rise until you smile upon me."

A soft crimson swept her lovely face.

"You are cruel, Reginald. You force me to speak words that should rarely come from a woman's lips. I love another with all my heart and soul. He seems life and happiness and all else to me. How can I listen to you when that other love is filling all my being?"

She paused, palpitating all over. Her eyes were modestly cast down. Her confusion was that of a true-hearted woman when treading on such holy ground.

Reginald read it all in her face—her blind devotion, her deathless constancy, which no words and no prayers of his could ever shake, for another.

For another! He sprang to his feet with a terrible cry of rage and fury.

"I have done pleading, I have done playing the servile suitor," he screamed. "Now I will assert my power. You *shall* be mine, in spite of Heaven or Hell."

Claudia drew back with a slow recoil. She lifted her frightened eyes to his face.

"Oh, cousin, cousin."

"You shall be mine," he repeated, with a snarl of fury. "I am tired of the mask I have worn. I now throw it aside forever. I assert my power openly and boldly."

"Your power?"

"My power. And you shall feel how great it is. You shall feel what a weak, helpless, creature you are."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, forgetting her fear in the kindling spirit that now took possession of her.

"If you will not marry me of your own free will, like a sensible girl, you shall be compelled to do so."

"Compelled?"

"That is the word."

She was grand in her haughty scorn.

"Go," she said, drawing back, and firing her flashing eyes upon him. "You have insulted me. Henceforth you have no claim upon my compassion. I command you to leave me."

He laughed low and mockingly. Then, as he caught the horror, almost hatred of himself written in her face, he raised his clenched fist involuntarily, as if tempted to strike her dead at his feet.

"No," he muttered, controlling himself, "I will not harm you in that way. But you must take care how you provoke me."

"Go," repeated Claudia, haughtily. "Leave me this instant, or I will appeal to Uncle Eustace for protection from your insolence."

"Do," he cried, sneeringly.

"He will banish you from this house."

"Are you sure of that? You had better see what you can do before you threaten."

She hesitated. The mocking sneer on his lip frightened and appalled her. Beset by a horrible suspicion, she grew white as a corpse, and was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

"I think you are coming to your senses," said Reginald, who enjoyed her abject terror.

"Good God!"

"Before the day is over, you will make up your mind to marry me. Or, if you shouldn't, it will be all the same."

She made no answer to this brutal speech. Staggering past him—and he now made no opposition to her egress—she made her way into the hall.

Mr. Chilton was standing near the staircase. She went straight up to him, looking like a ghost save the vivid spot of scarlet that burned in either cheek.

She saw him shrink and cower like a guilty creature before her approach.

"You are a gentleman," she said, in a low, intense voice, "and I demand your protection from that—that—coward!"

She pointed out Reginald, all the while looking her uncle steadily in the eye.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Chilton, his lips white and quivering. "Has Reginald been trying to quarrel with you?"

"He has grossly insulted me."

"Insulted you?"

"Yes. He dared to make love to me, knowing that—that—my troth was plighted to Roland Trevor."

Mr. Chilton had recovered himself wonderfully now. Perhaps Claudia's almost frantic agitation helped him to do this. He forced a faint laugh.

"Is that so very strange, my dear?" he asked. "I can't blame the dog. You are so beautiful, so winning. In his place I might be just as deeply enamored."

"You would never descend to threats, Uncle Eustace."

"Has Reginald done that?"

"Yes. He says I will be compelled to marry him. Oh, God help me," and she wrung her hands wildly; "what does it all mean?"

"Hush," said Mr. Chilton. "Calm yourself."

"What does it all mean?" she demanded, more wildly than before.

Mr. Chilton stared strangely at her. He seemed to hesitate an instant. Then a hard, icy look came into his face.

"Hush!" he commanded, sharply. "There is no use to excite yourself. You behave like a mad woman."

"I am mad!"

"It looks like that. But do try to control yourself. It will be better in the end. You gain nothing by this foolish ranting."

Ranting! And her heart was breaking within her with shame, grief and terror.

She stared wildly at him, and the expression of his face sent a sudden chill to her heart.

"Oh, Uncle Eustace, save me from that wretch. I know you are good and kind. Save me from him! He fills me with horror. Never, never, never, suffer him to come into my presence again."

She had clasped her hands over his arm in the intensity of her appeal, but he rudely flung them off.

"Are you speaking of my son?" he asked, in a hard, metallic voice.

She did not answer. For the instant she was stricken dumb.

"If so," he went on, "I beg that you will be more choice in your language. One would imagine that Reginald had committed a heinous crime in loving you. I refuse to interfere in this matter,—or if I do it will be to encourage my son's suit. To be frank with you, Claudia, I quite wish you *would* marry him."

She was horrified. The easy familiarity he tried to assume at the last did not for one moment impose on her.

"Oh, uncle! you forget your pledged word to Roland Trevor!" she cried, trying her best to be calm. "At the end of three months he might come to claim me."

"Bah! A promise given to a fool! I never meant to keep it."

"Oh, uncle, uncle! you frighten me!"

"Hush, child. Do try to be sensible. Reginald will make you a good husband—as good as you deserve. On the whole, I think I will do everything in my power to make his suit successful."

She clasped her fingers over her temples. "Oh no, no! I can die, but I will never, *never* marry Reginald!" she cried, and suddenly rushed out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REPENTANCE.

He kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin;
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; *that* wasn't right;
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute—quite—
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too—I almost think.

But after all, I'm not to blame;
He took the kiss. I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame.
I wonder when he'll come again!

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

OR,

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XXV

THE JEW UNMASKED.

But we must return to the events of the preceding night. We left Wood alone in Solomon's office, where he had just discovered the name of Benjamin Willing signed to a check which he knew to have been written by the Jew, Solomon Gantly.

He stood a moment in utter surprise at this discovery, a thousand conjectures rushing through his brain. The stir of feet above admonished him that he stood on dangerous ground, and he hastily returned to his hiding-place in the back room, not content to leave such a mine of discovery half-worked.

He scarcely heard the movements over his head, or the subsequent noise as the worthy trio descended the stairs, and failed to hear their further conversation, so deeply was he absorbed in thought.

He was engaged in summing up the evidence so far gained in the case, and it may be as well for us to follow more leisurely the train of thought that ran so rapidly through his brain.

"It's a sure thing," he said to himself, "that Passmore and Willing cannot be in collusion in this robbery, for what possible benefit could the latter gain from it? I can easily see how Passmore, fearing that his employer is alive and may at any time return, should seek to feather his own nest by concocting a false burglary. But Willing could have no interest in such a scheme.

"If this were Willing in disguise, with what object would he use that signature? Is not this check rather a forgery given Passmore to aid in some further villainy? There is no phase of crime that these fellows are not up to. It is very likely a forged paper. If this were Willing himself there would have been no robbery.

"But Passmore has right of attorney to draw on Willing's account. I can't see into this then, unless it is given as a hold on the Jew as security for honesty in the disposal of the stolen goods.

"Passmore has fully proved himself a villain. Is it likely that Willing is his equal in villainy? Not so. One establishment is seldom favored with two such characters. Passmore first suggested Willing as the abductor of Miss Worthington. May he not have done so to cover his own tracks? I was disposed to doubt Willing from the fact of his concealment, and of the claim this girl may make on his property.

"But may not Passmore be trying to force her into a marriage that he may get this claim into his own hands? This theory begins to look plausible.

"Where then is Willing? Possibly he suspects his manager and is concealed somewhere, waiting developments. Let me consider further the Passmore theory. He accompanied the lady to Baltimore. A very suspicious fact. Who else was so aware of her movements as to able to plan an abduction. His meeting with Mr Graham was accidental. Was not the pursuit then a faint on his part to prevent suspicion?

"If he is the criminal, where is the lady? Let me see. She was brought to the city from the Dodge Farm. Dodge I know to be an associate of Joe Corbin. The latter has certainly a hand in the business. The connection of that boy, whom we have traced to the Rookery, with the abduction, is proof of this.

"Besides I find Passmore and Corbin here connected in crime. Now a shrewd fellow like Passmore is not going to double the risk of detection by employing two agents to carry out his schemes. Corbin then must have been his agent in the abduction, and in the concealment of the lady. Where would Corbin most probably conceal her? Undoubtedly somewhere in the Rookery. Innocent as that place looks I know that it has secrets not known yet to the police. I would have unfolded its mysteries long ago, but that its sharp landlord has given me no sufficient reason for making a close search of his house. Despite the criminal proceedings that are known to have occurred there, he has managed to keep out of the law's clutches.

"Grant then that she is concealed in the Rookery, how shall I go about discovering this secret hiding-place? My watch upon it has gained one important point. That is that a gentlemanly person, whose description is that of John Passmore, has been several times seen to enter it. These entries have been in nearly all cases at night, and with an effort at concealment by the use of a cloak. I saw him enter here to-night concealed in a cloak. The coincidence is striking. Why does he go there so frequently? To arrange this robbery? No, one or two visits would settle that. To visit his prisoner? Probably.

"But what am I to understand by Corbin's declaring that he knew the Jew, and threatening him? Whom did he know him to be? I must learn this before I sleep to-night. There is a wheel here within a wheel.

"These parties have no idea that their connection with the burglary is known, and trust that Jack Bouncer has enough of the honor among thieves to keep their secret.

"They are right there, Jack will never blow. The young reprobate with him may do so if the right inducement is held out.

"It don't matter though, my evidence will convict them all."

He was interrupted in his long reverie by the sounds of departure of the Jew's guests.

They left the room laughing and talking in loud voices.

"Let it be nine, sharp," Corbin called back to his host.

"Yeth. I will be there. Good-night, gentlemen. Can you thee your way down?"

"All right. It ain't daylight, but we're used to dark jobs."

"Happy dreamth, then."

"The same to you, old Abraham."

The two confederates left the house in company, and proceeded in silence together to the next corner.

"It is a very unlucky thing that this business failed," said Passmore. "It interferes seriously with my plans. The worst feature about it is that there has been treachery at work somewhere. The readiness of the police on the ground proves a pre-arrangement."

"It's unlucky that it didn't fail altogether," replied Corbin, in a gloomy voice. "It's the worst night's work that ever happened us that any of those goods left the store."

"Why?" asked Passmore in surprise.

"You'll mebbe find out too soon. You couldn't see the secret of the Jew's hiding-place?"

"No. It was too well hidden for my eyes."

"Not for mine, then."

"What was the secret?"

"Why didn't you use your own eyes to find it out? I'll tell you one part of it now. I have found out the traitor."

"You have?"

"Yes. Do you not guess who it is?"

"That infernal Jew!"

"You've got it. There's wuss than that too, but it'll keep. He don't know the job he's took in hand when he tries to circumvent Joe Corbin. Our game's shaky, Mr. Passmore, I'll tell you that, but I've put my foot in it, and I'll go through it or bust."

"But why do you try to be so mysterious about it? How will it injure your plans by making me acquainted with them? What have you found out about the Jew?"

"You heard my arrangement with him to come to the Rookery."

"Yes."

"It'll be a come, but not a go. There's more in the wind than you calkerlate. Jest keep shady for a day longer, and I'll make all bright, or something will bust."

"Devil take your mystery, Joe Corbin. Why can't you out with it?"

"You'll know soon enough. How are you coming on with that gal? Is she getting reasonable?"

"Yes. I hope to vacate your room in a day or two."

"That's clever. There's other folks wanting it."

"And you won't tell me the secret?"

"Not to-night. It'll keep fresh for a day or two. Good-night."

And the worthy confederates separated. Passmore astonished and somewhat frightened at the mysterious hints of his companion.

He reassured himself, however, with the belief that Corbin was fully capable of providing for his own safety, no matter how desperate the means necessary, and that what secured the one secured the other.

With this assurance he slept as soundly as if his feet were not trembling on the brink of a precipice.

Meanwhile a new interview was taking place in the apartment they had just left.

Wood, unwilling to sleep with this mystery upon his mind, had suddenly determined to have an explanation with the Jew, and try to lead or frighten him into a confession of all that he knew about these mysterious circumstances.

Solomon's companions had been gone about five minutes. He had followed them down-stairs and locked the door after them, and returned laughing to his room.

Wood listened to him still laughing and moving about the room for several minutes before he put his resolution into effect.

He then suddenly threw open the door of the room and stood erect in the opening, in the full glare of the gas-light.

The two men gazed upon each other in silent astonishment, which seemed consternation on the part of Solomon.

The surprise of the officer was very natural. Instead of the keen and rascally countenance he expected to gaze upon, he beheld instead the clean cut and intelligent face of —Benjamin Willing.

Slowly from the hand of the latter fell a wig and long false beard as he gazed upon his visitor, vexed to be thus discovered, yet with a natural dread of such an untimely visitant.

With a quick movement he gained the side of the desk and threw open its lid.

"Don't bother about the barkers," said the officer, "I don't mean you any harm, so keep cool."

"Who are you?" was the stern rejoinder.

The officer, in reply, threw open his coat and showed the police star in evidence of his position.

"I am in search of certain burglars who have just run a lot of silks from the dry-goods house of Willing & Son. I have traced the goods here and thought it the thing to make a domiciliary visit, just to find out how you have stowed them away."

Willing's face was filled with a variety of expressions as the officer spoke.

"How did you get in here?" he asked.

"I have been here for the last hour," was the reply, "listening to a very interesting conversation between a worthy trio of burglars. I must say I have found out some important points."

"Have you the property of rendering yourself invisible? Where have you been?"

"In there," pointing with his thumb.

"But I was in there with a light."

"And didn't find me? That shows what poor use you make of your eyes. But don't fear me, Mr. Willing—you see I know you. Let us sit down and talk this matter calmly over."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Here is my card, sir, which will convince you that I am authorized to act as I am doing."

"Wood, Detective. I have heard of you, sir. Take a seat and let me know the object of this espionage."

"I think you are slightly turning the tables on me," said the detective, with a laugh. "I have found you in such questionable company, under such questionable circumstances, and in such a questionable disguise, that it seems to me as if I should be the one to do the questioning, you the party to answer."

"It does so indeed," said Willing, in a free tone, that showed he had no fear of unpleasant consequences from the suspicions matters alluded to. "Proceed then, I am prepared to answer. It was my intention to seek some member of your force to-morrow and reveal certain criminal proceedings, with which I am conversant. I may as well do so to-night, and make you my confidant."

"That is what I was about to propose. I have no doubt of your integrity in the matter, but there are certain strange circumstances that need explaining. And I will freely admit that I have had serious doubts of you until the last hour."

"For what reason?"

"I believed you to be primarily concerned in the abduction of your niece."

"Of whom?" asked the other, in a tone of such utter surprise, as to convince the officer of his ignorance of the matter.

Wood had spoken abruptly, partly with the object of observing its effect upon Mr. Willing. The result satisfied him that the gentleman had no connection with the abduction.

"Of your niece, Alice Worthington."

"Of my niece, Alice Worthington! What new mystery is this? Explain yourself, sir. My niece is living in Vermont. I confess, though, that I have lost sight of the family for some years."

"Your niece was visiting in Philadelphia, and has utterly disappeared from sight, in consequence of her being stolen by unknown hands, and hidden in some unknown place."

"You amaze me sir. I knew something of an abduction, but did not dream of this. Will you not give me the particulars of this affair?"

"First I wish some satisfaction from you concerning your connection with this gang of burglars and villains—and how it was that you concealed yourself after your accident at Richmond; and lastly, your reasons for this masquerade," pointing to his peculiar dress.

"It was because suspicions were aroused in my mind of foul play, and I wished to be able to observe it from a point of vantage. I have long suspected John Passmore; and my journey South was simply a pretense to give me an opportunity of observing his operations when unchecked by my presence."

"Pray proceed, sir."

"I came near paying dearly for my attempt. I am convinced that the seeming accident at Richmond, was really a deep-laid plot to murder me."

"And why?"

"For the reason that I have recognized Corbin as my driver on that occasion."

The officer gave a long whistle of surprise.

"The cat's out the bag, sure enough," he said. "You made a narrow escape, then—Joe Corbin don't usually half do his work."

"He was frightened off. After my recovery I hoped to have people believe that I was really dead, as it would aid my intended disguise greatly. I placed myself in communication with Passmore for the purpose of learning his schemes, and so that I might be taken into his confidence in any rascally plan he might have devised. I have succeeded much beyond my expectations, and am, in fact, ready now to spring on him the traps prepared by himself."

"A ticklish game you have played, sir. Are you not aware that you have placed yourself in the hands of the law by your connection with this business?"

"In what way, sir?"

"By aiding and abetting a burglary. It might make little difference in the Courts that the store was your own. You have employed members of the criminal class in criminal proceedings, have made yourself a principal agent in a law-breaking scheme, with the idea, probably, that your motives would save you from blame. Don't be too sure of that, sir. Tempting others to crime is a crime in itself."

"I know that, and would be sorry to tempt innocence. But to obtain legal evidence against a well-known criminal like this Corbin, or to get a decided hold on a man like Passmore, whom I have found to be a peculator, a gambler, and an unscrupulous villain generally, is certainly not an illegal action."

"And, if you knew this about Passmore, was it not sufficient without leading him to worse crimes?"

"I knew nothing positive. He so covered up his tracks that I could get no legal evidence against him. This it was that gave me the idea of giving him a chance to carry out his evil purposes unchecked by my presence. I have certainly succeeded in gaining actionable grounds against him now."

"I doubt that. The receiver is accounted as bad as the thief."

"You are better detective than lawyer, Mr. Wood. I have my plans laid, and don't fear failure."

"May you not be a little too confident in your powers?"

"I think not."

"This disguise, for instance, do you think it sufficient to deceive your wary and shrewd associates?"

"Why, they have not discovered me as yet, and I have given them plentiful opportunity. My bad cold and dreadful lisp have thrown them quite off the track."

"You are playing with edged tools, my dear sir," said Wood, with decision. "Your disguise has not been sufficient. Corbin discovered your identity this very evening, and has determined to murder you to get rid of your evidence against him. Is this part of your plan?"

"To murder me!" cried Willing, in a startled tone.

"Exactly. I know the man's unscrupulous character well enough to know that he would not hesitate a moment at murder."

"But what proof have you that he has recognized me?"

"His own words. I tell you this not to frighten you, but to put you on your guard. He sees through your whole scheme, and fears for his personal safety if you are allowed to carry it out. He will not hesitate to go to the utmost extreme to secure his safety."

"I don't fear him," replied the other. "Forewarned is forearmed. You have learned so much, have you any inkling of his further intentions?"

"No. But we may guess at them sufficiently to know how to avoid them. Did I not hear him speak of an appointment with you?"

"Yes, I am to be at the Rookery at nine to-morrow night."

"For what purpose?"

"To meet the others, and make the necessary arrangements for the disposal of this stolen property."

"By the way, how have you disposed of this property?"

"I have made these two men believe that I have a hiding place in the upper part of this house so well concealed as to be beyond danger of discovery," said Willing, with a laugh. "The fact is, I have sent the goods to another place, where they are now safely stored."

"I doubt very much if Corbin is deceived by any such arrangement. Knowing you, he will be alive to your plans. He will learn the whole thing from your driver before eight to-morrow."

"Not so. The driver is in my interest."

"And have you any idea of the real object of this arrangement for an interview?"

"I begin to dread its object, from what you have told me. He wishes to get me into his den for the purpose of—"

"Of disposing of a witness."

"He may not find it so easy."

"I hope you have not undertaken such a part without being prepared to meet all its possible consequences. You must either do

one of two things; apply to the police in the morning and attempt to arrest the whole gang, or keep your appointment."

"And risk knife, cup, or bullet?"

"Exactly."

"The first mode seems certainly preferable."

"Not if you wish to succeed in an arrest. Your house will be watched by a spy of Corbin's from sunrise in the morning. Your first step over the threshold of a police office, or communication of any kind with the police, will be the signal to these villains to make themselves scarce. You would but lead a party to the Rookery to find it deserted and your birds flown."

"Could we not arrest them in any effort to leave the city?"

"They would not leave the city. They have hiding-places where we might seek them for a month in vain, and if the pursuit became too close they would give us the slip at some unexpected time, and in some unlooked-for manner. See how well they have hidden the girl, Alice Worthington. I have had the whole force searching for her for more than a week, without a hint as to where they have concealed her."

"Ah, yes, I wish to know the particulars of this abduction. I overheard a conversation in which I found that such an event had taken place, that Harry Graham was a friend of the lady's, and that she was hidden at a place called the Dodge Farm House. I knew he was visiting a lady, but did not know her name. I wrote him a note putting him in possession of these facts."

"Then you are the author of the notes of warning he has received?"

"Yes."

"The lady is your niece. We traced her to the place in question, but found she had been removed. She has been hidden somewhere in Philadelphia, but I have been unable so far to find her."

"And who do you think instigated this abduction?"

"I blamed you for it, and searched for you as well as for the girl."

"On what grounds?"

"The idea first came from Passmore. It was founded on his declaration that you had in some way defrauded your niece out of her inheritance, and made it the basis of your fortune. He said that you wished to dispose of her so as to get rid of her claim. And that the whole matter of your disappearance was part of this plan. It certainly looked logical to me, and I sought you accordingly."

"The astute villain! He is an adept at the art. But you found no more trace of the uncle than of the niece?"

"I saw you the other night, for an instant only, as a procession passed down Chestnut street. On crossing the street, however, I found only an old Jew."

Willing laughed heartily at this recital.

"My beard fell off while pressing through the crowd. Have you seen the Jew since?

"He bore a rather strong resemblance to yourself in your masquerade."

"Give me the particulars of this abduction," asked Willing, still laughing.

Wood proceeded to do so, telling him briefly all that the reader is already acquainted with.

"And what theory have you arrived at. I see you have cleared me, in your mind, from the charge. Who, in your opinion is this woman stealer?"

"John Passmore."

"A natural conclusion from the facts. But what do you think is his object!"

"To gain a legal claim to the possession of your estate if dead; to contest it with you in the Courts, if living."

"Is there any limit to that man's villainy! He is reckoning without his host in this matter, however. Acting on half information, you might guess that I would not be the man to defraud my niece. The facts are—But, no matter, it is late now, I will explain to you at some future time. You will please explain one more point. Has your search been entirely without effect? Have you no theory, no guess, as to the place in which they have hidden my niece?"

"Yes, I am sure she is hidden somewhere in the Rookery. There are so many mysterious circumstances connected with that house, in police annals, that it is my opinion that it contains some secret apartment or hiding place. I have never had any sufficient pretext for subjecting it to a thorough examination, but I will do so before I am many days older."

"What is the character of those circumstances?"

"The disappearance of young girls has in several cases been traced to that neighborhood. The house has been more than once searched, but, I think, not thoroughly."

Willing shuddered as he remembered the lavish adornment of the secret chamber he had seen in his exploration of the hidden passage of the Rookery, and in the suggestion of its probable purpose contained in the words of the officer. After a moment's silence he asked:

"Who owns and occupies the adjoining house?'

"I do not know."

"Has the search ever extended to it?"

"I think not."

"May it not then be owned by Corbin, and contain the secret chamber, entered by a hidden door somewhere in the Rookery?"

"Your idea is suggestive. It never occurred to me before. I will look into it."

"You may well do so, for I am able to tell you that you are right in your suspicion. The Rookery does contain such a chamber, and I have set foot in it."

With the utmost surprise the detective sat looking at his companion as these words were spoken. That this man should so quietly profess to be aware of the secret which had so far baffled him, and to have even stood in this mysterious chamber.

"You!" he said, too much astonished for more than a monosyllable.

"Yes. I even know more of the house than does its rascally owner—know of a secret passage which he does not suspect."

"And how came you to know it?"

"The house was once in my family, and I have papers yet relating to it. It is considerably over a century old, and for some reason unknown to me was provided with a secret passage between the rooms, and a hidden apartment connected with the adjoining house. I know not their purpose, but have a description of the mode of entrance to this secret passage. I availed myself of this, and was fortunate enough to overhear an important conversation between Passmore and Corbin, and also to discover this chamber, of which I had no knowledge."

"Then Miss Worthington is hidden there?"

"I have no doubt of it. It is furnished with lavish elegance; a fact which suggests its use, in connection with the disappearance of young girls. It must have a secret entrance connected with the Rookery, which has been discovered by the present owner."

"Yes. That must be so. And you can easily avail yourself of this entrance?"

"Readily."

"It is past one o'clock," said Wood, looking at his watch. "I must go."

"And what had I better do in reference to the invitation to visit the Rookery?"

"Avail yourself of it. I will take care that no harm shall come to you. Arm yourself with a good pistol. It may be necessary for you to act on the instant. You are not over nervous?"

"No. I will be ready for them."

"At the first indication of serious danger use this instrument."

He applied a small instrument to his lips that emitted a shrill whistle when breathed through.

"All right. I will not fail to use it," said Willing, taking the whistle.

"And now, good-night. Trust to me to respond quickly to your signal," said the officer, rising to take his leave.

"Good-night—and good success to our cause," replied Willing, fervently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARA;

OR,

THE GIRL WITHOUT REFERENCES.

I.

She was called Mara; and we all of us wondered how a name of such sadness could have been given to a girl so bright, sweet and tender. But Arthur Halsey, who was in love with her, raved that the name was the softest he had ever heard, and that it was just such a one as he would have chosen to distinguish her from other women, she being peerless.

He would dilate upon her beauty, her gentleness, the winning power of her voice, with that meditative ecstasy used by certain art-enthusiasts in describing a picture, or by connoisseurs in precious stones, who hold up a diamond in the sunlight, and ask you to admire every one of its glittering facets. Men who behave like this are generally great bores. But Halsey was not; for we all of us knew the object of his praise, and thought as well of her as he did. If the truth must be told, the fact that he had been the first to declare his love, and the evident strength of her preference for him, were, perhaps, the only things that saved us from experiencing for her a passion deep as his own. It is not even so sure that we had escaped her influence; and may be each of us reflected in secret how much lighter the journey of life might be made to him, could he set out on it with Mara for his companion.

Yet nobody could tell whence she came, nor what was her parentage; and she was destitute of that commonest buttress to respectability—and to roguery, too, for that matter—references. She had arrived one day at the small sea-side town of Sandbeach had taken cheap lodgings, and had given out her name naively as Mara Child; only adding, on the inquiry of her landlady, that she was Miss, not Mrs. The same day she had gone to Butts's Circulating Library, and had asked Butts, in person, whether he knew of any family in want of a governess.

Butts was a simpleton of the discursive sort. Besides circulating books, he was house-agent and proprietor of the Sandbeach Gazette. This three-handed title allowed him to keep a finger in the pies of almost all the inhabitants of the town, and had led him up to a vague notion that Sandbeach belonged to him. He wore a velvet skull-cap, had a pasty face with a double chin, and probably meant no harm, though he occasionally did some. "You have held a governess's situation before, I suppose?" was his magisterial answer to the girl-stranger's question, as she stood at the counter of his well-stocked shop.

"No; I have never held any situation," she said quietly.

"Then you have some one who will answer for you—speak to your abilities, I mean, and give you a character?" Butts looked at her as his plump fingers unstrung a parcel of books just come from London. She was dressed in black, and wore a very white collar and cuffs. It was a plain dress, but not poor.

"No," she replied, with a shake of the head. "I am an orphan, and know of nobody who could give me a character."

Butts was both astonished and scandalized. "The price of a five-lined advertisement in the Sandbeach Gazette is one-and-sixpence," said he suspiciously—"half a crown for two insertions. The paper appears twice a week."

Mara drew out a little network purse, and handed him half a sovereign: "I think I will have two insertions, please," she said. "You can say I am twenty-five years old, and am able to draw a little; but I do not play the piano."

Butts rang the coin on the counter; and, finding it good, it grieved him to part with so much as seven-and-sixpence change. "The subscription to the circulating library and reading-room is half a crown a month," he remarked in a half conciliatory tone. "We take in the London magazines and The Times, where you can read of people who want governesses. You have also the privilege of carrying away two books together to read at home."

Mara said she would subscribe; then Butts asked her whether she needed stationery, to which she said no, but bought some drawing-pencils and a mill-board. In brief, most of her ten shillings remained in the possession of Butts, who, still suspicious, tied up her purchases in a parcel, and, when she had left his shop, ejaculated, "I don't much like the look of her."

We learned all this a few weeks afterward, when Halsey and the other three of us had come up from Oxford to read at Sandbeach during the long vacation. Halsey had just taken his degree, and was going to study for the bar: Merry, Clowes, and myself were still undergraduates, but preparing for the Honor Schools next term; and we had pitched upon Sandbeach as the quietest place on the map. It was not so quiet, however, but that we soon found people made plenty of noise there about their neighbors' concerns; and it must have been on the very morning after our arrival, that we were informed by our landlady of this singularly beautiful and odd girl who had come to Sandbeach, hoping to find a situation "*without references*, just as if she thought all the people in these parts were mad-folk, gentlemen!" In the course of a week, having become intimate with Butts, he treated us to further details; though we had not asked him to do so. But he was full of his subject, and so were all the other Sandbeachers, this event being the nearest approach to a scandal with which the town had ever been favored. It seemed that two families had answered Miss Child's advertisement; but they had been able to elicit nothing satisfactory as to her antecedents, and so, of course, had receded. All Miss Child would say, was, that her mother was dead, and that she had never known her father, who had deserted her mother years ago. At first her mother had seemed in easy circumstances; afterward they had become very poor, and had been obliged to work with their needles for their living. How long was it since her mother had died? Six years. And what had she—Miss Child—done since? Worked. Where? This she refused to say; and she would neither state where her mother had lived, nor how it came that she herself, after being reduced to live by needlework, was suddenly in a position to apply for a place as governess. To the last inquiry, she had simply answered that she had met with some people "who had been good to her."

All this was extremely suspicious. Butts appeared to consider it a premeditated affront upon Sandbeach, that any one should come there not prepared to give the fullest account, in print if need were, of his or her life from birthday upward. He doubted whether he was justified in letting her subscribe to his library, and take home books which would afterward pass into the immaculate hands of visitors having references. To be sure she seldom came now to his reading-room to look at The Times' advertisements as she had done at first. The lady-subscribers had stared her out of countenance, observed a chilling silence in her presence, drawn their skirts hastily away to avoid her contact as she passed, and done other things that were most natural and proper under the circumstances. But now and then she would come to bring back books, and borrow others; and a few days ago, added Butts, she had glided in timidly at nightfall, and brought him a dozen water-color sketches, asking him whether he saw any hope of selling them. He had kept the sketches out of curiosity, and shown them to some of his lady-subscribers, who had been much amused at the girl's impudence. Naturally he had not been able to sell any, nor was he sure that he would consent to do so, even had the chance occurred; for one should never encourage people whom one does not know. This is what Butts said—

We were lounging over the counter, cutting the leaves of new magazines, skimming through the papers, and inspecting the library catalogues.

"Let us see the sketches, Butts," asked Halsey, who, like the rest of us, had, from the outset of his acquaintanceship with the Sandbeach magnate, discarded the name "Mr." as superfluous.

"As the women are making such a dead set at the girl, it is obvious she is pretty," remarked Merry, whose character was, contrary to the usual rule, not out of keeping with his name. "I even suspect that, since our friend Butts talks so lightly of the sketches, there must be some merit in them."

But no: there was no merit in them whatever, except such as comes from patient work misapplied. Butts, who was quite impervious to sarcasm from not understanding what it meant, produced the sketches out of a drawer, and laid them before us with a kind of expostulatory shrug. They were views of Sandbeach and neighborhood, the sea by day and by moonlight, and displayed only the most elementary knowledge of coloring. Poor, simple drawings they were, with daubs of blue for sky, gray for sea, and brown for shingle. It was school-girl art—not so bad as to be absurd, not good enough to be worth a glance. Merry, Clowes and I threw a look over them, and no more. Clowes, who was a bit of a cynic, even said something tart about teaching girls to waste paper and colors instead of instructing them to bake and spin. But Halsey collected the sketches, and after going through them cursorily, began to pore over them one by one, with deep attention, as if there were beauties in them which we had failed to discover, but which were visible to him. When he reached the last, he held it almost five minutes before his eyes; then, like a good fellow that he was, with a manly sympathy for all that was weak and suffering, he exclaimed, "Poor little thing! Imagine a girl trying to hire herself out to teach her poor scraps of knowledge, and being rebuffed everywhere because there is a miserable secret in her young life which she wishes to conceal. Perhaps it is her mother's or her father's honor which she is endeavoring to cloak. But Butts, there, and his lady-patrons, don't choose to perceive that, if this pretty girl had vicious instincts, she need never have troubled any of them for a place or money. They ban her—the ladies by pursing up their lips when she crosses them, the chaste Butts by preaching her down from behind his counter, and musing as to whether he shall let her beguile her evenings by reading one of his books, which she has paid for. Then she falls back upon these attempts to earn her bread; and Butts puts them in a drawer, vowing not to sell them, lest he should encourage immorality. Well, one day when she has exhausted all the methods she knows for keeping starvation away, she will find herself, thanks to Butts and his ladies, with a choice of three roads before her—theft, dishonor, or suicide. If she takes to the first road, Butts will be there under the coat of a policeman, and with handcuffs in his pocket. If she selects the second course, Butts will proclaim that he foresaw it all along. If she flings herself into the sea, we shall have Butts wanting to bury her in the felons' corner of the churchyard, with a verdict of self-murder. Isn't that about it, Butts?"

Butts, who was quite impenetrable to the notion that anybody should think of poking irony at him, did not seize a word of this, and answered complacently, "They're silly daubs; aren't they?"

"Nevertheless, I shall buy them, Butts," answered Halsey. "What is their price?"

"Oh!" said Butts, who would have smiled had nature endowed him with a capacity for doing so, "sixpence apiece would be a deal of money for such things as them, I should say."

"How do you rate the worth of labor, Butts?" muttered Halsey, still considering the sketches. "Each of those drawings must have taken a day and a half to execute. Supposing anybody were to set you working for a day and a half, then give you sixpence, and call it a deal of money?"

"The wages of a male artisan average between three shillings a day and ten; those of a woman between ninepence and five shillings," replied Butts, who always took questions gravely.

"And it must be skilled labor to earn the money," took up Clowes, who, although an excellent fellow, was for uprooting sentimentalism. "Don't let us have any paradoxes, Halsey. "You pay work if it's good: if not, you give nothing."

"That's your theory, Clowes; but supposing we generalized it, and paid professional men only for the *good* work they did: what would become of most novelists, barristers and cabinet ministers, to say nothing of the clergy? I'll rate the drawings according to their industry, and according to my own means, at seven-and-six each, Butts; or let us say a fiver for the lot;" and, putting the unknown girl's pictures together, Arthur Halsey handed the Sandbeach censor a bank-note.

I suppose the money could not have lain ten seconds in Butts's hesitating palm, when the shop-door turned and admitted a girl, at whose sight Merry, Clowes and I, who had begun to banter Halsey on his quixotism, instantly lapsed silent; for it needed no one to tell us that here was the very person we were discussing—come as if to speak meetly for herself as to her deserts, her sadness and her destitution. She was surprisingly lovely, but pale; and her beauty was of that frail, infant-like sort, which has astonished eyes, deep and mysterious as velvet, the tiniest of mouths, and timid candor spread over all the features like a bloom. There was nothing in her dress to mark absolute penury: only her ways displayed some of that weariness which resulted from the struggle against a current too strong for her young arms.

She colored as she entered, but less because of us than because of two smart young ladies—Miss Ida and Miss Ada Wilkins—who had come in with her. They somehow generally contrived to be at Butts's, these pretty and proper Misses Wilkins, at the hour when Merry and Clowes were there; and, virtue-like, they forthwith began to stare at the strange girl in black, whose name they knew, as if they suspected her of shop-lifting.

Mara Child laid some books on the counter, and began to speak in a low tone to Butts. But Butts, amongst his other qualities, possessed that of being slightly deaf; so, with her face flushing deeper at this necessity, the girl was obliged to raise her voice so that we all heard what she said.

"I have brought back these books," she faltered; "and—and—as it is the end of the month, Mr. Butts, I don't think I shall renew my subscription. And please would you insert this twice in the Sandbeach Gazette?' (She was crimson by this time, and drew a slip of paper, with a half-crown, from her pocket.) "It is another advertisement, but not for a governess's place."

Butts being a simpleton in all things, small as well as great, unfolded the paper, scrutinized it as if it were a passport, and read its contents pomposly aloud: "'Wanted some work by a needlewoman who can embroider and make dresses. The advertiser would work cheaply, and as many hours a day as desired. Address: M. C., Circulating Library, Sandbeach.'"

The Misses Wilkins tittered, and from that unlucky moment were banished forever from the affections of both Clowes and Merry. Halsey had covered his sketches with a newspaper, and pretended to be examining an album; but his eyes, glancing over its edges, were fastened on Mara; and, on hearing the Misses Wilkins tinkle out their scorn, he reddened as if he had been struck.

Butts had heard the titter; and he answered with a frown, "Oh, no! I cannot let any more letters be addressed to you here. You must have them sent to your lodgings. But" (and it was evident these words cost him an effort, as if he were being constrained to do a menial office)—"but this five-pound note is yours: one of those gentlemen has just bought all your drawings."

Butts did not say which gentleman; but I remember, as if it were to-day, her turning round with the note in her hands and looking at us. She gazed first at me, then her eyes rested upon Halsey; and such an expression of wistful gratitude rose to her face, that, if I had been in Halsey's place, I should have fancied she was speaking to me, and I should have answered her. But Halsey did not speak; nor did she. Her thanks were all given with the eyes; and the reply to the thanks was conveyed in the same manner—that is, at one glance.

II.

This was how their love-affair had begun. After this they saw each other frequently, then daily; and Halsey took an early opportunity of apprising Butts that he had better show himself reserved in talking about Miss Child. This was not cautious. Butts, who could no more comprehend a threat than he could a joke, discoursed more than ever about the girl, her advertisements, and her water-colors; and it soon became hinted from one end of Sandbeach to the other, that the designing adventuress (certain others said "the minx" or "the creature") had formed an improper connection with the most bearded of the four Oxonians who were staying at No. 3 on the Parade.

It is a curious symptom, by the way, that alacrity with which moral people jump at the idea of an improper connection. One would really think that certain moralizers did nothing but muse upon improprieties from the rising of the sun till the return of the same next day.

There was, in truth, no impropriety between Mara and Halsey. A day or two after the little episode at Butts's, he accosted her on the beach; and breaking through the conventionalities which are very well between people who do not know each other, and do not much care to do, but which are absurd when hearts are already more than half united, he told her frankly that he had heard she was seeking employment, and offered to assist and serve her by every means in his power. She thanked him, but probably both felt in that moment, that, if he ever placed her beyond reach of want and care, it would not be by procuring her a situation as a governess, as a dressmaker, or even as an artist.

From that time their love was not a thing which either sought to conceal from the other; and soon he fell into the habit of meeting her every day on the beach. He deserted his books, took long rambles with her by the sea-side, returned, said good-bye to her at the door, and passed all his evening in recounting her praise to us. We smoked, nodded and listened. Then he introduced us all three to her. She blushed on first presentation; but we soon became good friends, for there was no affectation in her nature. She was artless, gentle, and, when amused, would laugh so innocently and sweetly, that we regretted her habitual mood should be one of pensiveness, and rather sad pensiveness. At her request, we often joined her and Halsey in their walks on the beach; and one day the good idea occurred to one amongst us to charter a sailing-boat and go a series of coasting trips and pic-nics to places of interest in the neighborhood. She was not afraid of the sea, and liked these expeditions; but the first time we set out on a sunny morning with our boat fresh painted and sails new bleached; when we men in our jerseys and straw hats marched down to the beach carrying a hamper between us, and installed Mara on a throne-like pile of scarlet rugs in the stern; when, above all, on putting out, Merry broke out into one of Tom Dibdin's songs, in the chorus of which her pure, bright voice was soon heard to join; then there was a pretty to-do indeed in Sandbeach. It so happened that for that very day, and under plea of a prior engagement, we had refused an invitation to a croquet party where Miss Ada and Miss Ida Wilkins were to shine; and the flat thereon went forth from one end of the town to the other, that "the minx" had formed an improper connection, not with one amongst us only, but with all four. God bless us all in this island for the charity we bear our neighbors!

A few annoying consequences now began to crop up. There is certainly not an inhabited country, save this one, where a man—by which I mean a male—even when he has attained to Butts's age and virtuous insensibility, could bear to speak otherwise than with gallantry of a woman so lovely and defenseless as Mara? But Butts who kept no gallantry in stock, except for Mrs. Butts—who probably exacted it as tribute without leaving it to his option—and for such lady-customers as subscribed to his rooms, bought stationery of him and had references—Butts babbled about Mara as if he were one fish-fag and she another. The Rev. Joel Grones, the pastor of the Jumper Chapel, taking his cue from Butts, warned our landlady, who jumped under his guidance on the road to salvation, that our conduct was becoming a stumbling-block and an occasion for offence. The Anglican rector, who had called on us on our arrival, and introduced us to some of the local tea-tables, looked severely at us over his prayer-book when we walked up his church one Sunday, and during the whole service seemed to be deliberating whether he should write to the dean of our college, or remonstrate with us after the sermon in the vestry. He took the third course of coming to No. 3 on the Parade whilst we were at dinner, and dwelling apologetically on the shock our behavior was causing to all sensitive Sandbeachers. It is to be noted that we had never done a thing which ought by rights to have shocked a soul not predisposed to cry "Shocking!" We were strangers to the town, and quite old enough to take care of ourselves. If it shocked people to see us go out sailing with an unchaperoned young lady, all they had to do was to shut their eyes, and not to talk of the grievous sight. But no: the morals of the Sandbeachers demanded that our own morals should be impugned; that we should be whispered about under the church-porch, and anathematized over tea and muffins. It was only after an exasperating piece of vigor on the part of Merry that the conversation about Mara and us grew a little more guarded.

Being in Butts's reading-room one day, he heard a Sandbeach quidnunc—one curly-haired Snigge, son of Snigge & Snigge, attorneys—crack a pleasantry of the Sniggish sort concerning Mara. He strode up to him, and gave him a slap on the face which sent him reeling over a cane-chair, and then under it. Merry was a muscular Christian; and his slap must have sounded uncomfortably to a few in the room who had often earned quite as good a title to it as young Snigge, if Merry had only been present to hear and reward them.

But what was to come of all this? If Halsey had been not necessarily a libertine, but one holding French views of life, his love for Mara would have led to the same results as do ten thousand similar *liaisons* every year; but Halsey's passion for the girl was too deep for the project of injuring her in the least to enter his head. One of those cool-headed virgins who bring actions for breach of promise he might have laid siege to without scruple, being neither better nor worse than most young men of his age. But Mara excited in one all the instincts of protection. She was so good, guileless and confiding, that a man felt the wish to shield her and keep her from harm's way; to injure her would have seemed more than usually heartless and brutal. When their acquaintance was but a very few days old, it was easy to to see that Halsey had already resolved to marry the girl. He was of age, had taken his degree, and would be independent of his profession, having six hundred pounds a year of his own. This was enough for comfort, and could be accounted wealth by living abroad. On the other hand, Halsey had parents very well connected, and aspiring to see him do great things in life. It was not to be expected they would give their consent to his marriage with a girl in Mara's equivocal position; indeed, it was certain they would endeavor to thwart such a match by all the means their alarm and indignation could suggest. It was this that worried Halsey. Week after week passed, and he had not yet proposed to Mara; nor had she, on her side, given him or us the slightest clue to her history. She never talked of the past,—never alluded to it by the slightest reference to the people she had known, events she had witnessed, or places she had visited. Yet she did not appear to be acting with a settled purpose at concealment. Had she just recovered from a terrible fever, which had obliterated all the pictures in her memory, she could not have acted otherwise than she was doing.

When a man is placed in such circumstances, and has three friends at hand, he is generally favored with triple-tongued advice of the most impressive sort about the rashness of committing himself, the folly of hasty marriages, and so on. Halsey got no such advice from us—not even from Clowes, who was never averse to showing one the seamy side of schemes. Each of us well knew, that, had it been his luck to be loved by Mara as Halsey was loved, he would have overridden all the scruples, cautions, and relatives in the world; and, this being so, we should have considered it uncandid to tender counsels we ourselves should never have followed Therefore, when one August evening, Halsey came in and told us quietly that the matter was settled—that Mara had agreed to be his wife, and that he would push on the marriage as promptly as possible—we regaled the conclusion as natural and fitting, and held out our hands in congratulation.

We had all—Mara included—been out for a sail that afternoon; and, on landing, Halsey had, as usual, been left to accompany Mara to her door. From various indications—of which a greater timidity than ordinary on Mara's part was chief—we had guessed that a consummation was imminent; and on our return we had not waited dinner for Halsey. He came back later, however, than we had expected. It was nearly ten o'clock; and he found us leaning out of our bow-window which fronted the sea, and smoking. He took a seat after we had shaken hands with him, asked for water, drank off two glasses, and then by the moon's light, which shone on his face, we saw that he was pale and looked excited. Here let it be said, that Halsey was nearly six feet high, and proportionately strong. He had a mass of brown hair, and a precocious beard, luxuriant and golden; but he was not a slouchy kind of giant, one of those rough, human Newfoundlands. He was, on the contrary, very careful about his dress, and not slovenly or lazy in his conversation. Talk about business, book-work, or sport, drew out all the shrewdness in him; but in matters where the heart was involved he acted impulsively as an Italian.

"Yes: we must get the marriage over at once," he exclaimed abruptly, after he had been silently stroking his forehead a minute or two. "There is no chance of my people ever consenting; so I shall go up to town to-morrow for a license, and make the rector marry us on Thursday."

"Is there really no hope with your people?" asked Clowes. Clowes was slight, dark, and deliberate. If he had been in Halsey's case, he would have married Mara without hesitation; but he would have asked his parents' leave for form's sake. He was going to be a clergyman.

"Yes: it's as well to give one's people fair play," suggested Merry, drawing his segar from his lips. "I wouldn't listen to them, if they made objections; but you know how much better women like it when they can be married without secrecy, with friends, bridesmaids, and all that sort of thing."

"If I could marry her before all England, and with twenty bishops behind the altar-rails, I would do it!" exclaimed Halsey vehemently. "Do you think it doesn't wring my heart to marry the little thing as if I were ashamed of it? But what is the use of bringing all my people down on her to persecute her and make her miserable? You fellows know Mara, from the first day you heard of her coming innocently to a strange place, and trying to get a situation without having any recommendation to offer but her own truthful face and honest voice: from that first day you felt there could be no harm in the girl; and, when you set eyes on her, she seemed to you an angel, which she is. But what is the use of trying to prove to my people that? They would bully me and her; and, if I told them her history, they would think me mad for believing it."

He continued for a time more in this strain, and then confided to us Mara's history, which she had told him that afternoon, "crying," said he, "as if her little heart would break, and hiding her face in her hands, as if it were a crime she were confessing to." Mara's mother had never been married. She had been a sempstress—and when deserted by the man, who had kept her for some years in comfort, she had resumed her old calling, and supported herself and her child by her needle. By and by Mara had been able to earn her living by her needle too; but, at her mother's death, a rich family—perhaps related to her father—had taken her under their protection, finished her education, and given her a comfortable home under their roof. She remained with them until she discovered that the master of the house, whose wife was her chief benefactress, and who was himself an honorable man and father of a family, was in love with her. Then, foreseeing that if she stayed she should only be a cause of sorrow and disgrace, she had fled, leaving a note behind her, to say that she would never return, because she had been unhappy in the house, and was going to seek a home elsewhere. "They had been kinder to me than if I had been their child," was her grateful acknowledgement; "but I thought, that if I made myself out to be thankless and wicked, they would not endeavor to follow me." So she had come to Sandbeach, not knowing the town, but thinking that from its loneliness it would be a good place to hide in. She had ten pounds when she arrived—the savings of her pocket-money; and she had hoped, in her ignorance of the ways of the world, that she could obtain a situation by simply saying that she was willing to work. How soon she had been disappointed we knew; but Halsey had met her just in time to save her from grinding want. Since then she had been living on the proceeds of her sketches. She painted three or four of them a week; and for each Halsey gave her a sovereign, saying he knew a dealer in London who sold them. Being imaginative, she had never doubted this was a fact. Such was the simple history of Mara, as Halsey told it us.

Looking back upon that time, it strikes me as a symptom of the enthralling fascination Mara had exercised over us all, that we all accepted her account of herself as if it had been gospel. There were no questions and no doubting; yet we were not, I believe, fools. On the morrow Halsey started early for London to get his license; and by the following train Merry went there, too, under commission from Clowes and I, to buy Mara a wedding present in our three joint names. By clubbing our resources we had lumped some sixty pounds; and Merry brought back the same evening a watch and chain, a bracelet, and a pair of ear-rings, all tasteful and well made. Halsey also returned about the same time with his license and a trousseau that had cost him a hundred pounds. He went off at once to Mara's, and brought her back to take tea with us, the landlady being invited up for the occasion, to play propriety. Mara found her presents on her plate, in the place of honor at the head of the table; and I fancy I can see Halsey now, fastening the ear-rings to her tiny ears, then turning round to us with his eyes moist, and saying,

"What good fellows you all are! and what a lucky dog I am to have such a wife and such friends!"

The presents drew a little color to Mara's pale cheeks, for she was extremely pale; and it escaped none of us that she wore an abstracted, dreamy expression, which we had noticed on her face before, but which now seemed settled there. We attributed this to natural emotion. Later, however, I remembered an episode of that evening to which we none of us attached much importance at the time, though it seems to have rather struck Clowes, who was the most observant of us. When the tea-things were cleared away Halsey asked if there were any thing in that day's paper. Our landlady, who read her newspaper religiously from end to end, advertisements included, answered,

"Oh, yes, Mr. Halsey, the shockingest murder in the world—a policeman killed in London with a poker! There's a column of particulars most dreadful to think of."

Lifting my eyes at that moment, I saw that Mara's face had grown livid. Her eyes were haggardly fixed on the speaker, and her lips parted as if in abject terror. Seeing me looking at her, she endeavored to recover herself, and put up her hands before her eyes; but a moan broke from her lips, and her head fell back senseless. All of us rose in alarm. The window was opened, salts were fetched; and Halsey, falling on his knees, chafed her hands distractedly between his; but, as she was soon restored to consciousness, the incident was ascribed to the heat, which had, in truth, been oppressive that day.

The next morning Halsey took his license to the rector; and on the day following the wedding came off. One need scarcely describe the commotion spread throughout Sandbeach by the event. Although the rector had been given but four and twenty hours' notice, this was quite enough to let the news circulate in every nook of the town; and, at the hour appointed for the ceremony, not a pew in the small parish church but was crowded, whilst the concourse outside would have given one to suppose that every spectator had a deep personal interest in what was going on. The Misses Wilkins were there, with their hair down their backs, fresh and still wet from sea-bathing; young Snigge was there, with the female Snigge connection, prying and excited; Mrs. Butts was there, and the entire clan of Butts's lady subscribers mustered to a woman, chattering, whispering and talking in all the coigns of vantage. But the wedding was not quite the thing some of these good Samaritans had foreseen. The rector was a worthy man; and, after scanning Halsey's license, he had said: "A gentleman in your position, Mr. Halsey, would not do anything to disgrace his family name; so I conclude that your intended bride is in every respect worthy of you." And, on Halsey replying with a powerful adjuration which would have exploded into an oath but for the ecclesiastical presence, that his bride was the best woman in all Christendom, the rector had proceeded: "Well, if the young lady has no relatives to assist her, my wife shall lead her to church; and perhaps you will let the wedding-breakfast take place at the rectory." Accordingly, when Mara stood at the altar railings, she had the rector's excellent wife in a gray silk dress behind her. Clowes gave her away, I was acting as best man, and Merry kept an eye to the marshalling of six little national-school girls in white dresses and with crowns of rosebuds in their hair, whom Halsey and the rector's wife had arranged together should act as bridesmaids. Mara was exquisitely dressed in white silk, and wore a bonnet trimmed with orange-blossoms. Her beauty, her bashfulness, and the tranquil innocence that seemed to clothe her, stirred a murmur of admiration as she descended the aisle on Halsey's arm; and such of the congregation as had not been moved to indulgence by seeing the countenance which the rector's wife lent to the wedding, were shaken in their prejudices by the pride and admiring love with which Halsey appeared to regard his bride. These were not the looks of a man putting the finishing touch to an "improper connection." Two ladies, with woman's unerring connoisseurship in such matters, felt it; and Mara, who entered the church as an outcast, left it almost popular. There were carriages outside, with postillions and favors, just as if the marriage had been in London: but as the first of these carriages drove off with Halsey, his bride, and the rector's wife for the parsonage, I heard a woman say, "It's a fair and harmless face; but she looks as if her mind were not with her body: she seems thinking of something else."

III.

Three years passed. After we had taken our degrees, Merry, Clowes, and I were scattered each to our vocations: Clowes took root in a northern vicarage; Merry went to grow turnips on his estate; and myself finished eating my terms at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar. I frequently saw Halsey, who lived in London. His family had been slow to forgive his marriage; but he had a sister who was fond of him; and an ally of this kind ends by removing even such mountains as family pride. She had brought the rest of the Halsey household first to extend pardon to Arthur personally, then to call on his wife, and lastly to admit that the latter was not vulgar or odious, indeed was inoffensive. The concession went no further than this; perhaps because Mara did not evince any wish to penetrate into her husband's family. Halsey's sister, who was married, often called upon her, and seemed disposed to strike up an intimacy with and pet her. Mara showed herself grateful for these attentions; but she had grown more reserved since her marriage than before it. She was sweet, kind and amiable with all her husband's friends; but she made no efforts to widen her circle of acquaintance, and she never went into society.

This afflicted Halsey, who would have liked to take her everywhere, and glory in her beauty; but doubtless his home was all the happier for Mara devoting her whole mind and heart to it. It was certainly the happiest home a man could have pictured to himself, even in a dream. A year after

their marriage a child—a Baby Mara—had been born to them; and the young mother's life was wholly abandoned to the two beings she loved best on earth. A wish of her husband's was law to her, his comfort the aim of her every waking thought. Arthur was called to the bar, but did not practice, having by family interest obtained a post under government which kept him absent several hours every day. But, when he returned home, he was sure to find every day the same tender smile of welcome on Mara's face, the same mother-taught crow of love on the lips of his child; so that sometimes he would exclaim, half-laughing, half-seriously, "What have I done to be so happy?"

If he said this in his wife's presence, as he often did, she would turn to him, and answer softly, "If you are really happy, Arthur, dear, you deserve it all for the happiness you have given me."

"But do you know I get to fancy I have taken somebody else's share of happiness as well as my own? Providence must have made a mistake; and there is some poor devil walking about, wondering what has become of the lot of bliss intended for him, and misappropriated by me." He said this, smiling, one winter evening, as he met me on the steps of our club; and he invited me to accompany him home to dinner, adding that Mara had not seen me for a month, and would treat it as a pleasant surprise. His spirits overflowed; and, as contented men generally like to see the reflex of their prosperity on others, he said, with abrupt kindness, "But, by the way, let's talk about yourself. You've no briefs yet? Well, I think I can promise you one that may lead to others. Hamilton, one of the coal people whose mines have got into the common pleas, was telling me to-day he wished he could get hold of a studious, pushing junior who would really read up his case. Those whom his solicitor has recommended him are muffs, cousins of the solicitor, of course. So I mentioned you; and he booked it."

Poor fellow! he little guessed, no more did I, how soon I should be holding a brief upon which vital concerns of his own, not coal interests, would depend.

He lived in a pleasant house, out Kensington way; and we drove there in a cab. Cheeriness and comfort greeted us from the threshold. A well-brushed page opened the door, a bright fire was glowing in the dining-room, where a table shining with glass and silver was laid for two; and a thick crimson carpet muffled the staircase leading to the drawing-room, which might well have satisfied a richer man from its elegant furniture and coseyness. Mara had gone out shopping, so the page stated, and was not yet returned; but there was work of hers with a basketful of gay-colored worsted balls on the small table at which she usually sat, near the fire-screen; and on a handsome piano, which was open, lay pieces of new music.

"See that," said Halsey, resting a hand on my shoulder. "Do you remember that advertisement Mara put into the paper at Sandbeach three years ago, saying she could not play the piano. Well, she can now. I had bought that with the rest of the furniture, thinking we might occasionally give parties; and, knowing I liked music, she engaged a music-mistress to give her lessons every morning unawares to me. The other night, after dinner, she told me to shut my eyes; and then she sank down and played the tunes she had heard me praise." He turned and brushed something away from his eyes when he had said this, then rang for the nurse to bring down Baby Mara, who was led in toddling, and with a finger in her mouth. He caught her up and covered her rosy cheeks with kisses, then passed her on to me to do likewise, and said, "Why don't you marry, too, and set up an imitation of this? What comparison is there between this life I am leading here, and that club-and-chambers existence I should have been dragging on with you fellows if I had not met Mara?"

I was reflecting just the same thing. When should I be in a position to marry, like Halsey, and feel that other lives and happinesses were entwined with mine? Not probably till I was past middle age, and unable to exist in my home with the same force and freshness as Halsey did in his. At the best, I should be wedded to some one much younger than myself; and there could never be between us that full communion of spirit which comes from a parity of ages, and consequently of hopes. I had reached this point, and was seated near the fire holding Baby Mara on my knees, when the clock on the mantelpiece struck seven.

"It's strange," exclaimed Halsey, without alarm, but astonished as he compared his watch with the clock. "We dine at seven, and Mara is never so late as this."

We continued to chat and play with the baby; but at a quarter-past seven our remarks began to flag, and Halsey rang to ask the page whether his mistress had not left word that she would be home later than usual? "No," was the answer. Mrs. Halsey had gone out at about half-past four, telling Susan, the maid, that she had worsteds to match, and a few other things to buy, but she would be back very shortly. I hazarded a few re-assuring conjectures, which whiled away the next ten minutes, but at the half-hour Halsey's anxiety became intolerable, and he rang again, but for the maid this time, to inquire of her what her mistress's exact words had been. The maid repeated all the page had said, but added that her mistress had mentioned having mislaid her watch-key, and being obliged to go to a watchmaker's to buy another. She had just pronounced these words, when there was a ring at the street door. It was a sharp ring, unaccompanied by a knock. The maid went down and answered it. We sat looking at each other apprehensively. In a minute the maid returned to say that a policeman wished to speak to Mr. Halsey.

A policeman is seldom the bearer of good tidings. We both rose together, Halsey white as a sheet, and I instinctively clasping his child closer to me. When the policeman was shown up, we must have offered a singular picture—Halsey half-way toward the door, and looking as if he were afraid to advance to meet the coming news; I with uneasy inquiry in my attitude. The child unconscious of our emotions was playing with my necktie.

The policeman was a strong, honest-faced man, who removed his helmet on entering, and looking at both of us said, "Mr. Halsey?" Then he paused a moment, evidently not prepared for the signs of comfort and even luxury which he saw. He coughed, and changed the key of his voice: "I'm sorry to say, sir, there's a lady in trouble at our station. She was brought in onstody an hour ago, on a charge of shoplifting at a jeweller's, and refused to give her name. When she was searched, however, they found cards and letters addressed Mrs. Halsey; and she admits the name's hers."

Halsey made a step forward: "My—wife—charged—with—shoplifting!"

Every word was separated from the next by a cavernous gasp; and the voice grated in an accent unknown to me. I put the child down on the sofa, and, with cold moisture bedewing my own forehead, approached Halsey, thinking his next movement would be to spring at the policeman, and fell him where he stood.

The policeman was not daunted, but appeared touched. "It's best in these cases, sir, to be told the worst at once. I'm afraid there's no mistake here. The three diamond rings was found in the lady's pocket."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

☞ An English lord is shooting prairie-dogs in Kansas, under the impression that they are grizzly bears.

TOM'S EXPERIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Tom was in a dilemma.

He sat on the rocks by the sea, where half an hour before Janet Spofford's scarlet jacket had flashed in the sun, and kicked the innocent little pebbles remorselessly back into the water.

"Confound the girl!" he said, rather more emphatically than politely, grinding a piece of seaweed down into the white sand beneath his heel. "I'd like to know how to get the start of her!"

That was just it! Tom Winter didn't know how to get the start of Janet Spofford. He had tried to so many times that he was getting almost discouraged.

The way of it all was this: Tom Winter had met Miss Spofford a year before at the seaside, and straightway had fallen in love with her. Now Miss Spofford was something of a flirt, and liked to tantalize the poor men, and especially Tom, it seemed to him, sometimes. Several times he had been on the point of proposing, when she, by her adroit tact, would lead away from the subject nearest his heart, and avoid it completely. In no way could he determine whether she cared for him or not. She kept her heart under good control, and never let it betray her in one way or another. In that way she managed to keep poor Tom, who had really one of the kindest hearts in the world, in perpetual torment and uncertainty.

Climbing down the rocks that afternoon, he had seen Janet sitting on the beach in the shadow of a gray rock reading, and of course he joined her. He wouldn't have been Tom Winter if he hadn't. He always haunted her, because he couldn't keep away from her if he wanted to.

Janet knew, before Tom had been five minutes by her side, that he was vergin on toward a proposal. He was always drifting that way when convenient opportunities occurred.

Suddenly she started up, recollecting that she had promised to go boat-riding with Jack Devere, Tom's especial aversion, that afternoon.

"You *must* excuse me; really, Mr. Winter, I had forgotten all about it till this very minute," exclaimed Janet. "Isn't it provoking to have to keep one's word? But I suppose I shall have to, though it's so cool and pleasant here!"

Janet gave a little sigh, and put on her wide hat preparatory to going.

"Don't go," pleaded Tom. "I wanted to say something particular to you. Let Devere go boat-riding if he wants to, but stay here with me."

"I can't," said Janet, with a charming little rueful look at Tom, which made his heart flutter like a bird. "I promised, you know."

"But folks don't keep all the promises they make, do they?" asked Tom.

"No, I suppose not," answered Janet, "but *I* do, for one. Just think? If I promised to go boat-riding with you, and didn't keep my word, what would you think of me?"

"But I wanted to say something particular," urged Tom.

"Well, can't you say it some other time?" asked Janet, biting her lips to keep down an inclination to laugh. "There are more days coming, you know."

"I suppose so," answered Tom," but—but you don't give me a chance to say what I want to. I really believe you know what I want to say, but you manage to evade it."

"There comes Mr. Devere," exclaimed Janet, as a young gentleman came, whistling, around the rocky ledges. "Some other time you may tell me what you were going to-day—if you get a chance!"

That was it! If he got a chance! He saw Jack Devere whisk her away without so much as saying "by your leave" to him, and sat down, wishing he could "get the start of her" in some way, and find out whether she cared for him or not. Tom was sure he didn't know.

He took up the paper she had been reading, and his eyes fell on a story that bore the title of "Washed Ashore." Something in the name struck him as being very suitable for a story to be read in the warm summer afternoon by the sea, and he read it. It was a pleasant little story, and bore a wonderful similarity to his love-affair with Janet Spofford. In the sketch the hero could not find out whether the heroine returned his love or not. By some accident his hat got lost and was washed ashore. She found it, and, supposing him drowned, confessed how much she had loved him. Of course the lover was somewhere at hand and heard the tardy confession of her love—and, you can imagine the rest.

"Why couldn't I try such an experiment on Janet?" he asked himself. "If I could manage to make her think I was drowned, perhaps I could find out whether she does care for me or not. I'll try it, at any rate."

He could see Devere's boat floating idly on the water, not very far from shore, and he turned his boat that way, as he pushed off from the beach.

"I want her to see me, and know that I went out on the water," he said, as he pulled seaward. "I'll manage to leave the boat somewhere where it'll drift back when the tide comes in, and walk around to the hotel in the evening."

Janet saw him, and sent some laughing remark after him across the water.

"The clouds look squally in the west," said Devere. "You'd better not go far, Winter."

"Thank you," answered Tom, coldly. "I'll take care of myself," and pulled on his oars lustily, and was soon out of sight.

A peak jutted out into the bay, and Tom concluded that a boat abandoned there, would be sure to float in on the tide. Accordingly he left the boat to the mercy of the waves, and proceeded to trudge his way back toward the hotel by a roundabout route, over the rocks and sand.

The sky clouded up rapidly, and the wind began to blow "great guns." And to add to Tom's discomfort the rain began to pour down in torrents before he was half-way home, and he was drenched to the skin before he could find shelter. The storm was one of those swift and sudden ones which sometimes come up along the coast, and was over in an hour.

About sunset Tom resumed his journey toward the hotel, partly dried, and wholly chilled and uncomfortable. But the vague hope that his experiment might be the means of his finding out whether Janet loved him or not, kept up his spirits.

The tide was tumbling in on the beach when he reached home. His heart gave a flutter when he saw a scarlet jacket that he knew to be Janet's coming down the path from the hotel.

"Now's my time," he thought, and he dropped his hat on the shore, where he knew she would see it, and hurried back in the gray twilight which was beginning to wrap in the scene. He did not see anything of his boat yet.

Presently Janet came around the rocky peak which jutted out into the white beach, and Tom could not help giving vent to a naughty word, for Jack Devere had joined her, and they were walking together very lovingly, it seemed to Tom, who saw them out of jealous eyes.

"I haven't seen him come back yet," Janet was saying, when they came within hearing distance. "Perhaps he got wrecked on some island along the shore, and has turned hermit. Just think of it! If he has I shall never know precisely what that 'something particular' was, he wanted to say to me." Her merry laugh came floating to Tom's ears and made them tingle.

"Poor fellow!" said Devere, but his tone didn't seem to have much pity in it, after all. "What's that at your feet, Janet? A hat, 'pon my word!"

"It *is* a hat," cried Janet, picking it up, "and I do believe it's Tom Winter's. Oh, Jack, *do* you suppose he's drowned?"

"Like enough," answered Jack. Tom's blood ran cold at his rival's matter-of-fact tone. "He was a perfect muff with a boat, and never ought to have been allowed ten rods from shore in one. Perhaps the wind upset him before he could put in to shelter."

"I hope he isn't drowned," said Janet, and Tom listened intently for the sigh which accompanied the words. The sigh revives him. She cared a little for him, any way, as the sigh proved.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Janet, a moment later, "if he is drowned, I shall never be able to hear that 'something particular' he wanted to tell me this afternoon," and then she actually laughed.

Tom could hardly credit his senses. In all probability, he argued, he was dead. And yet she could laugh. He shivered at the hard-heartedness of the female sex.

"I don't want gentlemen saying 'something particular' to my promised wife," said Jack, kissing her. "Hadn't we better go back and get some of them to turn out and look for Winter?"

"His promised wife!"

Tom was disgusted.

"They needn't bother to look for me," he thought, taking a bee-line for the hotel. "I'm afraid my experiment was a failure; and yet after all," he added after thinking about it for a moment, as he scrambled over the rocks, "it isn't, for I've found out what she thinks of me."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Troubles Abroad.—There are political crises all around the compass in Continental Europe. France continues to be agitated by the dispute between President Thiers and a large portion of the National Assembly. So threatening has this dispute become that the threatened resignation of the President may become an accomplished fact at any moment. That it is expected, is visible in the movements of the various parties who are looking around for available candidates to succeed President Thiers. Some of them appear to be talking of a "Dictator;" but any change of rulers in France at this time can hardly fail to be followed by widespread political convulsion, and perhaps by insurrectionary violence. The German Imperial Government seems to be apprehensive of this, and is making precautionary movements of troops in the army of "occupation" in France in view of it. But the Germans have their troubles also. The radical change in the Prussian constitution, involved in the "Country Reform Bill," is keeping the mind of the Prussian King and his great Chancellor, Bismarck, in as lively a state of exercise as that into which the House of Peers in that country has been thrown. In this German crisis, however, the Government has the advantage of being at the head of what appears to be a liberal movement favored by the populace.

Further south on the Continent, two other countries are in a state of political perturbation. The people of Spain, who were extricated from the turmoil of revolution and brought to a condition of comparative quiet by the election of the young Italian Amadeus, as king, have some ground for apprehension that Amadeus may not live very long, and that they may be thrown by his death, if it should occur, back into the condition of political chaos, which preceded his election. Passing to the new capital of Italy, we find a condition of excited political feeling there also. We read in late despatches of the holding of "radical meetings" in Rome; of the arrest of some of the participants in those meetings upon charges of high treason; and of "disturbances" which followed this action of the Government authorities. These events were accompanied by movements in the Chamber of Deputies for a resolution of censure against the Government for causing a needless and offensive display of military force in the capital—all of which events look as if affairs in Italy are not quite as smooth as they ought to be.

It may be that these occurrences assume a far more formidable shape at a distance than they do nearer home, but taking them as they appear upon the face, they look as if Continental Europe is not enjoying that tranquility which we should all like to see.

The Great Diamond Fraud.—The famous "diamond discoveries" in Arizona have turned out as many people supposed. Every one of the circumstances connected with the alleged discoveries, and with the formation of the "Ten Million Dollar" Stock Company in San Francisco to work the mines, was calculated to excite suspicion. During the "oil" excitement in Pennsylvania, it had become quite a common trick to pour a gallon or two of oil into places under the control of speculators, who were desirous of getting up stock companies to whom to sell the land. The same thing has been done with silver and gold in localities where it was thought that promising speculations could be started. At a meeting of the directors of the "San Francisco and New York Commercial and Mining Company" in San Francisco, on Monday, reports were received from the geological surveying expedition, sent out under Clarence King. These reports show that diamonds and rubies were found in the so-called "diamond district," but that, "in every instance of a find, there was evidence that the soil had been tampered with, the precious stones having been deposited there by the hand of man, for the purpose of deceiving chance or unskilled searchers." After hearing these reports, the trustees of the Company resolved that the fraud should be fully exposed for the protection of the public, that no more stock in the concern should be issued or transferred, and that the corporation should be dissolved as soon as practicable.

This exposure affords another illustration of the dangers of engaging in speculations promising sudden and large fortunes, particularly when those speculations are in far distant regions, and conducted by persons of whom the people who invest their money know little or nothing. Such operations are very tempting, yet they are always very perilous.

The New York Herald Club gave a banquet at Delmonico's on the night of Nov. 25, to Stanley, the finder of Livingstone. T. B. Connery, managing editor of the Herald, presided. Among those present was John Livingstone, of Canada, brother of Dr. Livingstone, and the Earl of Caithness, who is travelling in the United States. Mr. Stanley made a speech, defying his assailants to prove that he had not met Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji.

In Philadelphia, Hugh Morrow, convicted of shooting Alderman McMullen, with intent to kill, has been sentenced to a fine of $1000, and an imprisonment of 6 years and 9 months.

Death of Hon. Horace Greeley.—New York, Nov. 29.—Horace Greeley died at fifty minutes past six this evening. He was conscious at the time, and his passing away was peaceful.

The Tribune issued the following bulletin: "Nov. 29.—8 P. M.—Mr. Greeley died very quietly and without pain at ten minutes before seven this evening. He was conscious and rational."

GENTLE WOMEN ON THE CARS.

Two women uncertain as to years, seedy and unsatisfactory as to physical appearance and very much "fixed up," with a young shoot of the same stock, and plenty of all sorts of loose property, had turned over the back of the seat next them, and comfortably bestowed themselves and the belongings of three in the space intended for four persons. In the middle of the car stood a disconsolate but gentlemanly man, who could not find a seat. All the others in the car were filled, and I suppose all the others on the other cars. He went and stood by these women, mutely appealing to their courtesy. They remained stonily unobservant. He stood a long time, and then wearily asked if that seat—indicating the vacant one, upon which a travelling bag was bestowed—was engaged. Of course the answer didn't reach me, but I saw by the expression of the face of the woman he had addressed that it wasn't engaged, except to hold her travelling bag. The gentleman stood waiting a little while longer, until desperation gave him courage to pick up the bag, brush aside the outpressed skirts and drop with a deprecating expression into the seat that was rightfully his. But if you'd seen the expression of those women's faces you would not have supposed it was. On the contrary, with nothing else to guide you, you would have supposed this tired, well-dressed comely and courteous man was an unscrupulous ruffian who was trampling upon, and disregarding the rights of these innocent, helpless creatures! The woman next to whom he sat behaved with special meanness. He offered to hold her bag in his lap, but she gave him a look signifying that she considered him as the dust beneath her feet, and stretched out her hand for it grimly and drew away everything belonging to her from contact with him as if he'd been a leper; and whenever she looked at him she did it as if he was a loathsome and offensive object instead of being a much more agreeable thing to look at than she could be at the best. In a word, she did everything during the hour's ride to show that she considered herself mortally insulted by the simple act on his part of taking in a conciliatory manner what was rightfully his, after she had refused to give it up. If the common feminine mind is as narrow as this indicates, reform ought to begin a little nearer at home. It seems to me that often the very class who are clamoring the loudest for their own rights have the least conception of the rights of others, even in the simplest matters, as this everyday occurrence illustrates. The whole thing showed such want of judgment, of discrimination, of self-control, and such childish pettishness in a middle-aged woman, that I was really ashamed for her and for us all, seeing that she was one of us.

☞ A grand jury ignored a bill against a huge negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge made him stand reprimanded, and concluded thus: "You may go now, John, (shaking his finger at him), and let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and a broad grin displaying a beautiful row of ivory, replied: "I wouldn't bin here dis time, judge, only de constable fotch me."

☞ It will be remembered that Theodore Thomas was to have commenced a season of his orchestral concerts on the second night of the Chicago fire. By a curious coincidence he was also to have commenced a season in Boston on the second night of its fire. If this kind of thing keeps on much longer, insurance companies will be apt to increase their charges in cities which this incendiary musician is advertised to visit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ A Bridgeport man spent three-quarters of an hour the other evening in trying to pick up a piece of moonshine from his door-step, which he fondly fancied to be a newspaper. His afflicted wife finally came out, brought him to consciousness by the aid of a loose fence-picket, and steadied his tottering steps into the house.

☞ The man who sat up all night weighing a ton of coal to see that he had received all that was due him, thought that he was a few pounds ahead until he remembered that he had not deducted the weight of the pail.

☞ An inebriated stranger precipitated himself down the depot stairs, and, on striking the landing, reproachfully apostrophised himself with: "If you'd been a-wantin' to come down-stairs, why 'n thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you an' showed you the way.—*Danbury News.*

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ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

A youth of poetic tendencies, who signs himself "Theodore," has written to Max Adeler, of the Philadelphia Dispatch, as follows: "Will you please tell me if there is any word in the English language which rhymes with epizootic?" Max says:—There may be such a word, Theodore, or there may not. The question is irrelevant to what we have to say to you. It is transparently clear, Theodore, that you are going to make an attempt to straddle out into literature with a poem upon the horse disease. In that event what you want is not rhyme, but common sense. You do not need a word which will jingle with "epizootic" so much as you are suffering to be seized by the hair by your parent, and shaken up and bruised and put by somewhere in the garret upon a low diet. You cannot make a poem upon the horse disease, Theodore, if you try. There is a certain want of sentiment, a singular absence of food for the imaginative faculty, in the epizootic, which limits discussion of the subject to prose. It will be useless, therefore, for you to wrestle with the Muses in contemplating the theme, or to dishevel your hair in an effort to pour out your soul in song. You cannot have any deep feeling upon the subject, Theodore, because you are not in danger of taking the disease yourself. The donkey tribe is notoriously exempt. So, if you have imagined that you have had symptoms of the malady, you must have been mistaken; and your best policy, Theodore, seems to us to be to blow your nose and keep quiet.

Anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall.

Judge Marshall's simplicity of character and absent-mindedness have been the theme of a number of anecdotes. The following, says "Lippincott," we believe, has never been in print before. When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Colonel Pickett, father of the Confederate general George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Colonel Pickett was a man of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for their splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat, and high-spirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage-driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it going, no doubt, for liquor.

The judge called him up without delay: "Dick, what is the reason Colonel Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half curry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick, not expecting the attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said: "Mars John, look at you—is you fat?"

"No," said the Judge—"decidedly not."

"Well, look at old miss" (Mrs. Marshall) "is she fat?"

"No."

"Den look at me—is I fat?"

"No."

"Den look at yo' horses—is dey fat?"

"No."

"Now den, you jes' look at Kunnle Pickett. He fat, his ca'idge-driver fat, his horses fat, his dogs fat—all fat. De troof is, Mars John, fat run in de Pickett fam'ly, and it don't run in our'n. Dat's all."

"Well," said the judge, after a little reflection, "there is a good deal in that. It never occurred to me before." He turned back into his study, and Dick was never troubled any more.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SNIPE ON TOAST.

I had some snipe on toast in Harrisburg. I saw on a bill of fare:

"SNIPE ON TOAST, SIXTY CENTS."

Snipe on toast would be almost too hearty food to feed people who had been floating on a raft three weeks feeding on boot-legs. Says I to the waiter, "Give me snipe on toast." By and by he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading. I sat there an hour. Then I rang the gong. The waiter entered, and says I, "Where in thunder is my meat?"

Says he, "They've been on the table an hour."

Says I, "I didn't order plain toast; I want a snipe on it."

Says he, "There is a snipe on it."

Then I drew close up to the table, and I saw a little black speck on the toast, and I says, "You'll swear that's a snipe."

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "You'd make a good linen buyer, you would."

Says he, "It's snipe on toast anyhow."

Says I, "How did it get on it?"

Says he, "That snipe's all right, it's a full sized one, too."

Says I, "I'm glad of it. I'm glad you told me that's a full-sized snipe, for do you know, young man, when I sat out there reading I saw a black speck on that toast, but I took it for a fly; and I'm glad to be informed it's a snipe. Now you can take that snipe away, and bring me a turkey on toast; and darn it, I want a full-sized turkey, too!"

I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I could have blown that snipe through a putty blower without hurting the snipe or putty blower either. Snipe on toast may be game, but it's a mean game.

Cider and stewed snipe is right.

HE WANTED TO ARRIVE.

A seedy-looking individual walked into the Crawford House a few evenings ago, and, stepping up to the counter, seized a pen and registered his name at the foot of the long list of the day's arrivals. It was a noble name—George Washington Botts—written in a firm, bold hand, and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with a pen.

"Have a room?" inquired Captain Oakes, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he wouldn't fit one of the sky boudoirs.

"No;" said seedy, shortly, picking his teeth with a splinter toothpick he had selected from the well-assorted supply always found on the counter.

"Supper, then, I suppose?" added the Captain, preparing to add an "S" to the end of George Washington Botts's name.

"No, sir, no supper," said Mr. Botts, with severity, "I simply want to arrive. A-r-r-i-v-e—rive, arrive. I want neither room, supper, or anything else, but I particularly desire to arrive. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time" (his voice choked a little,) "and I thought if you hadn't any objection—I—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was compelled to hide his emotions in his coat-tail, in the absence of a pocket-handkerchief.

Captain Oakes, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive, and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with a pen-wiper, wrung the Captain's hand in mute though heart-felt gratitude, and then stalked gloomily forth into the darkness and the night.

He had arrived.

IN THE FALL.

Oh, Autumn, with thy dying smell;
So faint, so sad, and yet so sweet;
Amid the strewings at my feet,
By pattering nut and broken shell,
I feel the secret of thy spell,
The flying year in full retreat—
For ever.

Refurnished by the last week's rains,
The fields recall the green of spring;
The hills describe a sharper ring;
The dews in diamonds drench the plains;
The leaves grow thinner in the lanes;
The threads upon the hedgerows cling—
In silver.

Pale, like the fading forest hair,
The slanting sunbeams straggle through;
The sky is of a tearful blue;
A pensive essence fills the air;
And, with pathetic sweetness fair,
The wan world seems to wave adieu—
For ever.

The cattle browse along the lea;
The piping robin haunts the lanes;
The yellow-turning woodland "wanes;"
The apple tumbles from the tree;
And Autumn, ranging through, links me
To Nature.

Oh, pensive and poetic year,
What is the secret of thy power?
Whereby my posey would flower
Between a radiance and a tear!
And yet, I find no language here
To paint what trembles to the hour—
Within me!

Oh, Eden-world of hill and green,
And distant gleams of slumbering blue!
I find no lyric language true
To paint the shadowed and the seen:
Oh, infinitely touching view,
In vain thy spirit peeps between!
The sublimities that lie in you
Evade me.

THE OPAL RING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Miss Helen Merriman sat on the rustic bench under the spreading branches of the maple and looked up at Carl Webster, who leaned against the body of the tree, idly watching the party of croquet players a few rods distant, or rather watching *one* of the party, for he saw only Lulu Raynor in her piquant croquet dress and hat as she knocked the balls here and there, keeping the whole party in an uproar with her wit and satire.

Miss Merriman saw the direction of Carl Webster's dreamy eyes, and her own blue orbs flashed with a sudden resolve, and she set her lips firmly.

"How very brilliant Miss Raynor is today," she said sweetly. "She seems to be the life of the whole party."

"Yes, unusually brilliant," Carl answered, absently.

"And no wonder," Miss Helen continued. "Most any girl would feel in good spirits who stood in her shoes to-day. That is, I mean any girl who was ambitious for position and station, as Miss Raynor is."

She watched him narrowly, while she spoke, from under her long curling eyelashes. But Carl Webster was a reserved man, outwardly cold and haughty, and he was not likely to betray any emotion at Miss Merriman's words. He only turned his head slowly, knocked the ashes from his segar, and asked quietly, "What especial reason has Miss Raynor for being in unusual spirits to-day?"

For one second only Miss Merriman hesitated. There was still time to retreat. She could answer his query by saying that the sensation which Miss Raynor created at the ball the preceding evening was what she referred to; but no, the time had come when she must make a desperate move, or lose the game. So she lifted her sapphire eyes to the face before her, and with a most natural expression of surprise, asked:

"Why, haven't you heard? Hasn't it been made public yet?"

"What been made public?" was Carl's only answer.

"Why, Miss Raynor's engagement to Senator Delaplaine. It took place last night, you know."

"But I do not know it, neither do I believe it," he said firmly. "Miss Raynor would not sell herself to a man who wears the name Senator Delaplaine wears, handsome, rich and high in the social circle as he may be and as he is. I do not believe it."

"But it is true, nevertheless, Mr. Webster. I know it to be so."

"How do you know it?"

His dark, magnetic eyes were bent full upon her face. She felt their power to her very finger ends, but she looked him bravely in the face without flinching, and without a blush or a tremor she told him an absolute falsehood.

"How? Why, I *heard it* with my own ears. I was in the conservatory, resting after a polka, and my companion had gone for an ice. They, Miss Raynor and the Senator, were outside on the piazza. They stopped exactly under my window, and I could hear every word of his proposal, every word of her reply, which was a consent. It was done so hurriedly I had not time to get away. He spoke, told her he loved her, asked her to be his wife, and she said yes. No doubt it will be announced soon."

Carl Webster had looked her quietly in the eyes while she spoke, not a muscle of his face moving. When she finished, he turned away, tossed the remainder of his segar into the grass, and said, bowing, "Thank you, Miss Merriman, you have done me a great service."

He walked out near the croquet party, and stood a moment watching Lulu Raynor. She felt the magnetism of his gaze, and looked up, flushing slightly as she always did under his eyes.

"I am completely routing my opponents, Mr. Webster," she laughed, "and am sure of winning the game."

"Miss Raynor is very fortunate," Carl Webster answered, bowing. "Her skill in all games of chance ensures her success. I congratulate her with all my heart upon her recent achievements in outstripping all others and winning the game."

She looked at him, surprised at his words, which she felt sure contained some hidden meaning, but he had turned away, and was walking leisurely toward the house.

Helen Merriman sat very still, buried in deep thought for some moments. She had made a desperate move. She had played her last card, and now she must not throw up the game. She felt sure Carl Webster believed her story, and now the thing was to keep up the deception. If she could only bring proof of her statements in some way, if she could only make things appear as she claimed them to be.

She went up to her room soon after Carl Webster left her, and sat down before her jewel-case. She looked it over carefully, and at length selected a blazing opal ring, set in fine gold. She had not worn it in years, her hands being loaded with rings she preferred to the opal. But it was a costly, elegant thing, though a trifle too heavy for a lady's hand. She waited until she heard the croquet party return, and heard Miss Raynor enter her room. Then she crossed the hall, and tapped on her door. Being bidden to enter, she glided in, and stood before Miss Raynor. "I have come to convince you that I am a superstitious goose," she said, laughingly. "But you always know that. My mother was a German, and I come honestly by my belief in the supernatural. And now I want you to do me a favor. My mother used to tell me that when I had any ungratified desire I could wish for its gratification, and get my wish by the aid of my opal ring. In order to do this, I must wish the ring on some lady's hand, and she must not tell as to who placed it there, and I must not tell her, even, my wish. But I will say this, my wish is a good one, concerning only myself, and if it is granted will make me very very happy. Now, please permit me to try the charm on your finger. It is said to be all the stronger if the lady wears no other ring. You, I see, wear no ring. Now, let me wish my opal on your hand for one week, and so obtain the thing I desire? It seems foolish to you, I know; but I tried it once, with this very ring, on a friend's hand, and my wish came true. Now, please, humor my whim."

Laughingly, Lulu Raynor held out her slender, unringed hand. "Yes, I will humor your whim, and be silent as the grave, and let the charm work if it will. No, I do not wear rings, simply because I cannot afford *good* ones, and I abhor cheap jewelry. This ring is a beauty, and, I think, very becoming to my hand. I am afraid I shall be unwilling to give it up when the week is past. There now, how it glows! Oh, kind witches and sprites of the air, I beseech you conspire together and grant this young woman's wish, and at the same time grant my wish, which is that I may possess a ring of my own like unto this one."

So happy, laughing, light-hearted Lulu Raynor chatted and rattled away, unsuspecting as she was mirthful. Full of life and spirits, she delighted in mischievous frolics, and this "wishing ring" seemed to her a capital joke. How it would mystify her friends.

She went down to dinner radiant and sparkling. Her seat was just across the table from Carl Webster. The light came through the window and fell in a blaze upon her opal ring, streaking her white hand with blood-red shadows. His eyes were riveted upon it for one moment; then he pushed his plate and goblet back, his dinner untasted, and rising hastily begged to be excused, as a sudden indisposition had seized him. The hostess and the guests looked after him in surprise. What could have come over the composed, dignified Carl Webster?

He went to his room and did not come down till just at sunset. Then he carried his satchel in his hand. "Mrs. Wilson," he said to the hostess at whose hospitable mansion he had spent four pleasant weeks, "I am going home. I suddenly discover that it will be impossible for me to remain here longer. I thank you for your many kindnesses and for the enjoyment I have had under your roof. Please give my good-byes to the guests, as I must hasten to catch the evening train."

Mrs. Wilson had not time to collect her scattered wits before he was off, striding down the road to the village.

Great was the consternation among the guests that evening when Carl Webster's departure was announced. "Gone?" cried Senator Delaplaine, who had ridden over from his residence to spend the evening, as usual, at Mrs. Wilson's. "Why which of those ladies has driven him off? Miss Helen, is this *your* cruel work? I saw you talking very earnestly with him yesterday."

Miss Helen laughed and looked conscious. "No," she said, "I did not drive him away. I knew that he was going, however. He told me yesterday that he must go home to-day."

"Ah! I think I understand the state of affairs," responded the senator dryly, while the hostess said, "Naughty Helen, to steal a march upon us so;" and the guests looked wise and Helen blushed and ran away out of the room. But once alone, she bit her lips to keep from screaming outright with rage and indignation. "Well, my plans worked," she thought, "and Lulu Raynor has lost him. But what better off am I? He has gone and without one word; but then I must make it in my way to visit my old friend Nora Bailey this summer, who lives within a stone's throw of Carl Webster's home."

Up in her chamber that night Lulu Raynor buried her face in the pillow and wept. "Gone," she sobbed, "without even a friendly farewell; gone, as the betrothed of another, after all that has passed between us. Oh! I will tear his image from my heart if life itself comes with it."

And with his face hidden from view by his hat, Carl Webster drew himself back in the darkest corner of the railway carriage and thought, "Heavens, that blazing opal ring burns into my very eyeballs; I cannot shut it out. I should have hoped against hope even in the face of Helen Merriman's assertion but for that ring, which proved her words too true. And she, Lulu, so seemingly truthful and frank, can it be she meant to deceive me with well-acted lies, or *did* she love me and sell herself for gold? Either way leaves me little comfort so long as she is lost to me."

Just two days later Miss Helen Merriman announced that she had received a letter which called her home. She packed up, and left almost as suddenly as Mr. Webster had done. But she did not go home. She went to her old friend, Nora Bailey, to make the long promised visit. And the second day after her arrival, who should she meet but Carl Webster. "Why, where did you drop from?" he cried, in wonder. "I thought you were at Mrs. Wilson's."

"So I was," she answered, "until day before yesterday. The very evening of your departure, I received a letter from an old friend here, Mrs. Bailey, begging me to come down this week as a mutual friend of ours, one we have not seen for years, would arrive this week, stopping but two days on her way to California. I came on. And now the friend sends a telegram saying it will be impossible for her to come this route. However, I mean to stay and make a visit now I am here."

Surely Miss Merriman could congratulate herself upon her fertile brain. Mrs. Bailey was as much astonished when she saw her get out of the omnibus as though the man in the moon had dropped down.—And yet Helen Merriman told this tale to make all smooth in Carl Webster's eyes, and not a feature in her face betrayed the falsity of her statement.

He walked along by her side, chatting pleasantly upon different topics. At length a silence fell between them, which she broke by remarking, "You almost doubted the truth of my words, Mr. Webster, that afternoon when I spoke of Lulu Raynor's betrothal. Did you see the opal ring upon her hand the next day?"

"Yes I saw it," he answered, shortly. "It confirmed your words, Miss Merriman, and proved to me how utterly I had been deceived in Miss Raynor. We will not discuss the subject farther. I thank you for opening my eyes before I had added myself to her list of victims."

He changed the subject abruptly, and was unusually social the remainder of the walk. Helen invited him to call at her friend's when they parted, and he left her, promising to do so soon.

He did call the next evening and the next, and Helen Merriman's heart grew very hopeful. Was she going to be repaid for all her schemes at last?

The days went by until ten had passed since Helen Merriman's arrival, and still she lingered at Mrs. Bailey's. Mr. Webster called almost daily, and she felt sure he was almost won. "A heart upon the rebound" it would be if she obtained him, but she did not care for that. She loved him as only women like her, passionate, crafty, scheming, can love. Her love was wild and unreasonable, and would if she won him die perhaps as suddenly as it had sprung up. But opposition and difficulty only fanned the flame.

One evening just at twilight Carl Webster strolled up the path to Mrs. Bailey's residence. On the steps he met the postman, and thinking the ladies were engaged with letters he concluded not to disturb them, so seated himself upon the verandah to smoke his segar until they should make their appearance.

He had not more than seated himself, when he heard a name which sent the hot blood to his face, in a quick tide. It was Mrs. Bailey's voice, and it came through the open window, from the parlor.

"From Miss Raynor, did you say? And who is she—and what has she sent you an opal ring for?" the voice said.

And Helen Merriman answered,

"Oh, it is my ring, and I wished it on her hand one day; you know there is a superstition that an opal ring wished on to a lady's finger, will bring your wish. So I tried it on Miss Raynor, a young lady who was visiting at Mrs. Wilson's. When I came away, neither of us thought of the ring. Now she sends it to me, hoping the charm has worked. The letter was written some days ago, but was addressed to my home, and has been forwarded here. By the way, do not mention this to Mr. Webster. He has an utter contempt for all omens and superstitions, and I am afraid I should fall in his estimation, if he knew I believed in such things. So please do not mention this before him."

Carl Webster waited to hear no more. With quick, noiseless steps he walked down the path, and to the depot. A train would leave in just half an hour. He paced the platform impatiently till the bell rang, and then hurried on board the train, and threw himself into a seat. How slowly the Express train ran. It seemed to him he could walk the distance quicker. Great was the astonishment of the guests assembled in Mrs. Wilson's parlors that evening, when Carl Webster made his appearance amongst them. He had returned as suddenly as he departed. They began to think the elegant Carl Webster something of a lunatic. But Lulu Raynor, on whose finger no hateful opal gleamed, understood the whole mystery, when he found opportunity to tell her the story of that ring, and how and why it had influenced his departure.

"I could not believe Miss Merriman's assertion," he said, "until I saw what I supposed to be the proof—that opal ring upon your finger. When my eye fell upon it, it seemed to burn into my very soul, and I could not sit at the table, or remain in the same house with you, knowing you to be utterly lost to me. Miss Merriman took pains to remind me of the ring, when I next met her, referring to it as proof of your engagement. Consequently, when I overheard her explanation to her friend, on the arrival of your letter with the ring, and heard her earnestly request her friend not to mention the occurrence to me, my eyes were suddenly opened to the whole plot. Without losing one moment's time, I came to you, and hope I did not come in vain. My darling, you cannot know how well I love you—how blank life seemed when I thought you lost to me."

Lulu Raynor's eyes, glistening with glad tears, answered him. And Helen Merriman, sitting out on the moonlit porch, twenty miles away, little dreamed that the man she was watching for, would never come up that path again; little dreamed that her schemes and plots and falsehoods were all in vain, and at that moment Lulu Raynor was pledging herself, heart and soul, forever and ever to Carl Webster.

She never could understand how Carl discovered her plot. It is to this day a mystery to her—but she is very sure he knows all, since he has married Lulu Raynor, and cut *her* acquaintance. She hates the sight of her opal ring, and can never be induced to wear it.

☞ A French society has decided that it prolongs the lives and increases the happiness of dogs to make them work.

TRUE CONJUGAL IMPARTIALITY.

"I can assure you, Sarah, that I'm not at all the sort of woman who can't see a man's faults because she happens to be married to him. On the contrary, I'm quite *convinced* that if dear Robert were not *absolutely faultless*, as I *must* say he is, I should be the *very first* person to find it out!!!"

Good Thing for Old Maids.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

The Paris *Gaulois* says that of the many matrimonial agencies in that city some actually send round a list of the choicest goods on hand. One of these, evidently a carefully-selected stock from the very best class of goods, is quoted. It runs:

"I apprehend, sir, that in the course of your daily life you are now and again coming across people placed in the difficulty of not being able to contract or arrange a well-assorted marriage, that is, a marriage according to one's rightful expectations. Permit me to call your attention to a few specimens from our list of *bona fide* candidates, for whom I have the honor to act as intermediary.

"1. A French prince well-known in the world for his simple and irreproachable manners, agreeable physiognomy, 43 years of age, and a fortune of from 800,000 francs to a million.

"2. A magistrate: 35 years, and 150,000 francs.

"3. Several doctors: 25 to 35 years, and from 30,000 to 60,000 francs.

"4. Several merchants: 25 to 45 years, and 20,000 to 30,000 francs.

"5. Several gentlemen of private fortunes, 46 to 50 years, and 30,000 to 100,000 francs."

Was Moscow Set on Fire by the Russians?

The Boston fire has excited research by some newspapers into the history of fires in general, and one of them says: "The next fire in order, was the burning of Moscow by its own people (during the French occupation) in 1812. It is estimated that Moscow paid for her patriotism with 30,000 houses and about £30,000,000 of property." When a statement gets into history it is next to impossible to get it out; but it may as well be remembered that the Russians utterly disclaim the burning of Moscow as an act of the authorities, and that the conflagration is now more properly attributed, in the first instance to the carelessness of the French soldiers, and afterward to incendiaries bent on plunder. It is most probable that there was no "patriotism" about the affair at all.

☞ A young gentleman writes from Albany to his wife in Troy as follows: "*Dear Wife*—Dolly has got it—I mean the hippozoo. I am slowly hauling the buggy in. Home to-morrow."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

Y. H. (Fayetteville, N. C.,) writes: "I am a boy about seventeen years of age, well-built, and have a good education, and want to learn the trade of machinist. Please give me some information in the matter." We do not know precisely what kind of information you want, but will give you some general ideas as to learning a trade. Our advice is to avoid large cities, or, at all events, large establishments, in learning a trade. Large shops, no doubt, have facilities for turning out excellent work, but they are apt to fail in making excellent workmen. The cause of this is that such establishments are divided into departments, in each of which a certain part of the work is done, and each workman naturally gravitates to that department in which he is most skilful. Apprentices are also likely to be kept at that kind of work for which they display a special aptitude, and when free, are good workmen in one branch while ignorant in all other branches of their business. In small shops on the contrary, there being a small number of hands and a diversity of work coming in, each man and boy has to work at times at all parts of the business, and while, perhaps, less skilful in some one branch, becomes far more versatile. We advise you then to learn your trade in a small shop, as you will understand it more thoroughly, and find it easier to command a position when free; to go to work at once, as four years is too short a time to make a thorough machinist; and to serve your time fully and faithfully, as you will find this greatly to your future advantage.

INQUIRER, (New York), asks: "As a constant reader of your paper, I wish to ask you a few questions, and do so with less hesitancy, seeing how readily you comply with the wishes of others in the same respect. When walking with a lady, whether in city or country, which is proper to offer her, the right or the left arm; or is it not, as in other countries, etiquette for the gentleman always to walk on the right hand of the lady? Can you send me a book entitled the 'Wide, Wide World,' by Elizabeth Wetherell, by my remitting the price? If so, please let me know, and also mention the price." The rules of etiquette primarily arose from the principles of chivalry, which again arose in the desire to defend the weak against insult and injury. Ideas of politeness also arose partly in the difference of the poor to the rich and titled. As the state of society which gave rise to these laws has passed away, many of them are no longer necessary or desirable, and the sooner that etiquette conforms to modern necessities of politeness the better for all concerned. In this country a new and desirable code of manners is being evolved, the social customs of the old world never having taken deep root. You can, then, usually consider yourself correct, if, in all your social relations with others, you are governed by a desire for their comfort and convenience, untainted by any selfish feeling of your own. In regard to your special question, you should give the lady that side which is most likely to prove comfortable to her, and best suited to protect her from insult or injury. In general cases this is the side next the wall. The inner side of the walk is usually highest, thus making it more convenient for the lady to take your arm, while at the same time she is better protected by having the gentleman on the outside. But in cases where the outer portion of the walk is cleaner, or otherwise more desirable, it should be given to the lady. It is, then, not so much a question of right or left, or of rules of etiquette, as it is of observance of the natural laws of politeness. If these be always observed, there is no great danger of offending the eyes of society. We can procure you the book mentioned; price $1.75.

JANE.—Your article is respectfully declined.

[Several letters are laid over to be answered in our next.]

RECEIPTS.

HASHED VENISON.—The remains of cold roast venison, especially a stuffed shoulder may be used for this dish, and will give great satisfaction to cook and consumers. Slice the meat from the bones, put these with the fat and other scraps in a saucepan, with a large teacupful of cold water, a small onion, one of the button kind, minced, parsley and thyme, pepper and salt, and three or four whole cloves. Stew for an hour. Strain and return to the saucepan with whatever gravy was left from the roast, a tablespoonful currant jelly, one of tomato or mushroom catsup, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little browned flour. Boil for three minutes, lay in the venison, cut into slices about an inch long, and let all heat over the fire for eight minutes, but do not allow the hash to boil. Stir frequently, and when it is smoking hot, turn into a deep covered dish.

FARM CAKE.—Take two pounds of butter, set it in the cake-bowl near the fire, until it is softened throughout, but not melted. Now add to the butter two pounds of nice, white, soft sugar, and mix them thoroughly together, or until creamed. Take out one-half of this cream and reserve it in a separate bowl until wanted. To the cream in the bowl add one quart of pretty warm, sweet milk. Now stir in gradually four pounds of flour, and then mix in very thoroughly a teacupful of lively home-made yeast. Let it stand in a warm place until very light. In four hours it should be raised enough, when the remainder of the butter and sugar may be added, and a little more flour, if needed. Have two pounds of raisins nicely stoned (seedless raisins are not so rich as the others,) and add them to the cake, a little pulverized mace, and, if at hand, some candied lemon peel. Let it rise again. When well-raised, mix it well, using the hands, and proportion it off into well-buttered pans. Allow the pans to stand in a moderately warm place until the cakes are beginning to rise, then put them to bake in a *steady* oven, and bake them fully an hour, or longer, if only one or two pans are used. It will be better to try the cake in the usual way before removing from the oven. Thrust a nice clean straw or fine skewer gently into the thickest part of the centre of the loaf; if it is perfectly clear when drawn out, the cake is sufficiently baked. I generally leave it in a few minutes longer, to make sure. Fruit cakes require a much longer time to bake than delicate and sponge cakes. There are no eggs used in this cake; none are needed. It is an excellent cake for economical housekeepers to make in winter, when eggs are scarce. Some persons never eat cake because eggs disagree with them. They will find this cake wholesome and delicious. If the top and sides of the cakes are frosted, they will keep moist and sweet for a long time.

Brown paper is nice for keeping cake. Wrap the cake in the paper before putting it in the crock or tin cake-box. The paper helps to keep out the moisture of the changing atmosphere, and of course the cake will keep longer the more completely it is excluded from the air.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, four eggs, a very little salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted through the flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup cold water put in the last thing, flavor; this recipe will make two loaves baked in ordinary long bread tins. I have an egg beater therefore never separate the yolks and whites, beat them thoroughly, add the sugar and beat till like foam, use any sugar but granulated that being so coarse as rarely to dissolve and also making the cake heavy. I consider extra coffee C. the best of all cooking sugars, it is white, pure and light.

SALAD DRESSING.—Scald—not boil—one-half pint of vinegar, and then beat well three eggs, add three small teaspoonfuls of mixed mustard (or such as is prepared for the table) three tablespoonfuls of olive oil or melted butter, and one teaspoonful of salt; pour all into the vinegar, while still hot to thicken it. This is good for chicken, corned beef, etc., an extra article.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 57 letters.

My 1, 43, 36, 16, 23, 20, 19, 30, 4, was the name of the orator who accused Paul the Apostle and informed Felix the governor against him.

My 7, 40, 29, 38, 15, 30, 4, 17, 54, 4, 34, 23, 4, was the name of the governor who succeeded Felix. The Jews also accused Paul before this governor; but Paul made his defence in the presence of King Agrippa, and the whole company pronounced him innocent.

My 38, 51, 29, 42, 37, 53, 46, 23, 4, was the name of a centurion of the Italian band. He was commanded by an angel to send for Peter the Apostle, that he might hear the doctrine of Christ.

My 9, 30, 14, 40, 38, 19, 21, 44, 18, 50, was the name of the tempestuous wind which arose during Paul's voyage toward Rome.

My 4, 54, 33, 11, 35, 38, 48, 27, 39, 15, 22, was the name of a king of Assyria. He besieged the city of Jerusalem, and thought to win many of the cities of Judah, but 185,000 of his men being slain by an angel of the Lord, he returned into his own land with a shamed face, and was slain by his own sons.

My 22, 35, 29, 24, 12, 51, 20, 18, 6, 13, 41, was the name of one of Christ's Apostles.

My 35, 26, 10, 47, 12, 51, 28, 48, 37, 20, was the name of David's counsellor.

My 6, 40, 36, 55, 3, 38, 35, 5, was the name of the Jew who brought Esther before King Ahasuerus to be made queen.

My 6, 35, 25, 34, 2, 32, 45, is the name of a Book of the New Testament.

My 6, 13, 56, 46, 31, 44, 18, was the name of the valley in which Josiah, the King of Judah, was slain.

My 49, 32, 15, 8, 35, 48, was the name of a town at which a dreadful battle was fought between David and the Philistines, in which the latter were completely defeated.

My 52, 10, 4, 31, 18, 6, was that which Solomon asked of the Lord, which was given him.

My whole is a verse in the Book of Proverbs. EUGENE.

Seaboard, N. C.

BURIED CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Be at Rice's Circus to-night.
2. At a game of cards, unfair playing often causes serious consequences.
3. The curlew is toning his song.
4. Be careful and look up the stock to-night.
5. He sent a load of iron to Newcastle.
6. They brought up the screw-jacks on a dray.
7. The deer with a broken leg ran down the bluff.
8. I have seen men as hale and hearty as could be, apparently, drop dead.
9. Did you ever read "Heidenmaur," or any other of Cooper's novels?
10. The hot weather was very exhausting to man and beast.
11. He arrived by the cars one day last week.
12. She goes to Camden very often.
13. As soon as I saw the mob I left the spot.
14. After eating an onion I always feel ill.

Fort Totten, D. T. GAHMEW.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Wolf tenlyg weste Fanot magne byt neerg srabe
Lowf nyetlg li'l nigs hete a nago ni yht spraie
Yeu Ramys leapes yh hyt gomrumrin armsct
Olfw lyengt twsee Natof bisdurt ton erh mader.

II.

Ees woh bet ringrmno nus
Ruesaup sih nnthgh ywa
Dan diew coralimps his Krames sraipe
Thiw ryeev rightsnginb ary.

FRANCIS F. JOSLIN.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A passage.
Formerly.
A quantity of land.
A wild animal.

II.

A gift, a boon.
To submit.
In time past.
Strength.
Large plants.

New Jersey. G. R. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first lives in my second.
My whole to destroy is amusement by some people reckoned. H. S.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—Washington Land.

BURIED TOWNS—1. Aroma. 2. Benton. 3. Dayton. 4. La Salle. 5. Manteno. 6. Orisbo. 7. Omaha. 8. Peoria. 9. Rockford.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.
H O L M	V E T O
O H I O	E R I N
L I M A	T I N Y
M O A B	O N Y X

ANAGRAMS—1, Rate-tear. 2, Tun-nut.

PROBLEM—The sides are 80, 180 and 168 rods.